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The book cover is a dark brown, textured material. It features a decorative border made of dark, stylized branches with small leaves. The title "GALLOWAY GLEANINGS" is printed in a gold, serif font. The text is centered and partially overlaid by several gold-tooled illustrations of wheat stalks and a small bird in flight. The overall design is elegant and rustic.

GALLOWAY
GLEANINGS



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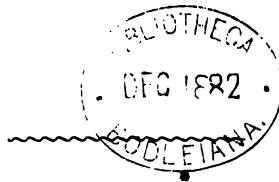




GALLOWAY GLEANINGS.

Poems and Songs.

BY
JAMES K. SCOTT.



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P R E F A C E.



THESE pieces have been written at leisure moments, amid the distractions of business ; and while I do not claim for them any marked degree of merit, I trust that their issue may in some measure, at least, be productive of enjoyment to my readers.

I hereby tender my best thanks to the numerous and influential subscribers who have so kindly encouraged me in this my first literary venture,

J. K. S.

EDINBURGH, *December, 1881.*

ERRATA.

Page 13, last line, read—*I stood, &c.*

Page 29, last line, read—For *if* *he* the courtin', &c.

Page 30, 20th line, read—*Wields* instead of *yields*.

Page 133, 19th line, read—*Wilin'* instead of *willin'*.

Page 135, 8th line, read—*Catch'im* instead of *catch'in'*.

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To the Reader.



DEAR READER,

FORTH my buik I sen',
Pairt o' the product o' my pen,
In hope that ye some time may len'
To scan its pages;
But dinna think I want to sten'
Among the sages.

Less honour far, I'm glad to tell,
Will please, I trow, my humble sel',
Gin ye should read wi' min' fu' fell,
An' criticise,
Lay lichtly on some tongues gey snell,
Are in a trice.

Some poets heich can tak' their flicht,
Up, up they flap maist oot o' sicht ;
O' chiel's like me, sae sma a licht,
 Scarce seen ava,
By fleein' laich, tak' tent, I micht
 Hae shorter fa'.

But in't, I hope, ye'll something see
To profit by, an' pleasure gi'e ;
Gin that be sae, I winna lee,
 'Twill please me weel,
An' be a kin' o' halfin' fee
 For time ye steal.





GALLOWAY GLEANINGS.



ODE TO GALLOWAY.

SOMBRE woods an' fairy dells,
Mountains clad wi' heather bells,
Daisied banks an' brack'ny fells
Are routh in Galloway.

Glassy lochs an' crystal streams,
In which bathe the sunny beams,
As they fa' in dazzlin' gleams,
Are seen in Galloway.

Tow'rin' crags, wi' ivy green,
Creepin' up the cliffs atween—
Whaur could bonnier place be seen
On earth, than Galloway.

Lanely shades, whaur hazels grow,
Birth-place meet for lovers' vow ;
Liltin' birds on mony a bough
Sing sweet in Galloway.

There the primrose blooms sae shy
Near the burn that wimples by ;
Beauties there wi' beauties vie,
In charmin' Galloway.

Flowerets wild o' mony a hue,
Gowden, purple, crimson, blue,
Aft my heart's wi' pleasure fu'
At thochts o' Galloway.

Hawthorn trees, in silvery bloom,
Len' the air their rich perfume ;
Braes, too, clad wi' gowden broom,
Adorn fair Galloway.

Honeysuckle scents the air,
Sheddin' sweetest fragrance there ;
Fain would I again repair
To thee, sweet Galloway.

Rugged cliffs baith dark an' hoar,
'Gainst which angry breakers roar ;
Guard wi' iron bands the shore
O' princely Galloway.

Wilds that please the poet's een,
Wuds arrayed in foliage green,
May in mony a place be seen
In bonny Galloway.

Bonny is each strath an' glade
When in simmer time arrayed ;
Ne'er thou'lt frae my memory fade,
My own loved Galloway.

O that I could ance mair be
On the banks o' sable Dee,
Or the Urr, as to the sea
They flow in Galloway.

Lang may fortune's favours licht
On ilk ane that does the richt ;
Laird or tenant, toilin' wicht,
That lives in Galloway.



SONG OF THE SEA.

I COME and go, I come and go,
Restless I am : I ebb and flow ;
Wave after wave, with its crested curl,
'Gainst the pebbly beach I forward hurl.
When wintry winds both shriek and howl,
And the black clouds above look down with a scowl,
I heave and rush, till with maddening throe,
I dash my waves quick to and fro,
And laugh in my glee, as against the shore
I send them forth with their deafening roar.
I jostle the stately ship which rides
On my breast, and dash against her sides
My foaming billows with fiendish war,
Till I make her creak in hull and spar.
Then with fearful shock
Gainst a sunken rock,
While wind and wave
Around her rave,
She becomes a wreck, strewn on waves afar.

I come and go, I come and go,
By night and by day unceasing I flow ;
A miser I am : in my grasp I hold
An unknown wealth in pearls and gold ;
I give up what I will, what I will I keep,
And stow it away many fathoms deep ;
Full many have found in death's embrace
Within my bosom a resting place.
Myriads of creatures live in me,
(For their destined home was the raging sea),

Of varied shapes, and size, and kind,
A study to interest any mind
 That loves to roam
 In nature's home,
And trace the power of the mighty hand,
Who made the mountains firm to stand,
And fixed me here 'neath the starry dome.

I come and go, I come and go,
Whether the weather be rough or no ;
Long centuries now have come and gone
Since first on my waters the bright sun shone ;
I have danced and leapt 'neath the cloudless moon,
In fantastic freaks, like some night buffoon,
While gently fell her silvery ray,
As if eager to kiss my foaming spray.
I stretch to many distant shores :
I sullenly moan when the thunder roars,
Or when flash after flash from the lightning cloud,
Which over me hangs like a fiery shroud,
Is hissing above me with piercing gleam,
It seems but to me just a weird-like dream.
While the sea-fowls wildly cry with fear,
And haste to the cliffs of the rocks so near,
 Quick or slow
 I onward go ;
I dance and leap as I did before,
Dashing my waves against the shore.

I'll come and go, I'll come and go,
While this world stands I'll ebb and flow,
I reach to lands far, far away,
Where the sun pours down his brightest ray,
And the sky, looking down with its azure hue,
Seems to make my robe of a richer blue ;

But I also go
 Where frost and snow
 Strive to make inactive my every flow ;
 Where the glistening iceberg's fantastic form
 Seems to welcome and laugh at the wildest
 storm,
 And slowly to build itself so sound,
 Adorned with icicles hanging round—
 A structure reared by the mighty skill
 Of Him from whom can come no ill—
 A beauteous thing in creation's plan,
 Surpassing by far the art of man,
 When even the highest flights of mind
 Will be reached by the greatest of mankind.
 O I delight to know
 That I live below,
 A thing so grand, yet but ice and snow.

Yes ! I'll restless be, for I love to swell
 My foaming breast in my haste to tell
 Of the marvellous power which placed me here,
 When the word went forth, " dry land appear."
 A liquid path I've been since then,
 A creature gift for the good of men.
 Across me the merchant sends his stores,
 To trade with the strangers of distant shores ;
 So I've thus become a helpful thing
 For all who have aught to send or bring.
 I therefore claim respect from all
 As a mighty boon to great and small ;
 Then, while the vessels come and go,
 By steam or sail,
 Let each one hail
 My help as a boon to this world below.

I now must cease, tho' I love to sing
Of all I do, but I now must fling
My song to the winds to be borne away,
That others may hear what I've had to say,
And while 'tis wafted to and fro,
 I'll come and go,
 I'll ebb and flow,
And onward surge in my mad career ;
 Splashing,
 Lashing,
 I'll send them dashing
 With furious sweep,
 Till they wildly leap,
While others keep following in the rear.

Thus, in strain so weird, sung the swelling sea,
As it seemed to address itself to me,
And each gushing song to the winds it flung,
 Then died away,
 And was heard no more ;
 Still the blinding spray
 Fell along the shore,
And my thoughts seemed to wander far away,
As if to chase the departing lay ;
 And as I stood
 In thoughtful mood
The singer had ceased, the song was gone,
 stood on the rock-bound shore alone.



LINES ON THE EAST COAST FISHING
DISASTER.*

WAILIN' soun' gaed through the air
Frae hearts sair stricken wi' grief,
As they stood in despair on the Berwick
shore,

An' couldna gi'e relief
To the brave men oot on the boilin' surf,
Toilin' hard wi' the angry sea,
As it toss'd them aboot while it foam'd and dash'd,
An' danced as in fiendish glee.

See the "Press Home" steerin' strecht for lan',
Will she weather her way to the shore?
My God! she's capsized, an' her brave crew
thrown

Adrift 'mid the breaker's roar,
Nae won'er the flood-gates o' grief were burst,
An' the burnin' tears did flow,
As they gazed oot ower the waves an' saw
Sae mony dear frien's laid low.

Heart-rendin' scene it was to see
Men strugglin' for their lives,
Among the boisterous, boilin' waves,
In sicht o' bairns an' wives.
Faithers an' sons frae ilk ither torn,
Brithers frae sisters dear,
Swallow'd up by the storm-lashed foamin' flood,
'Neath the wild waves disappear.

* Storm of 14th October, 1881.

Baith mithers an' bairnies sabbin' sair,
For their hearts were like to breck,
As they saw their men an' faithers droon'd,
An' their braw boats gane to wreck.
O, I'm wae to think o' the faitherless bairns,
Wi' their bread-winners frae them ta'en ;
And I'm wae for the mithers sae helplessly left
Wi' their bairnies a' alane.

Sic a nicht o' suspense was the nicht o' the storm,
Nane could think to close an e'e
That ken'd o' sae mony gallant hearts
W' their boats far oot on the sea.
Despair was whiles turned into hope,
As tidin's cam' to cheer,
But a minute's thocht, an' a backward glance,
Brocht back the blindin' tear.

"Willie's awa' noo, Euphy,"*
We'll never see him mair ;
I see by yer waefu' look, Euphy,
Yer heart is unco sair.
He canna speak noo tae his bonny bird,
Nor kindly straik his heid ;
He was torn awa' frae us baith, Euphy—
Puir Willie noo is dead.

* A favourite parrot belonging to one of the lost fishermen, which had kept almost unbroken silence for several days, then uttered the words, "Willie's awa' noo, Euphy." Euphemia being the name of the sorrowing widow of the deceased.

But there's Ane abune, wi' a love untell'd,
 Wha in sympathy ever yearns
 To fulfil His word, "be the widows' stay,"
 An' a Faither to faitherless bairns.
 O then may they fling their cares on Him,
 While hings this dark, dark nicht,
 They winna then feel sae sair forlorn,
 Their sorrows will seem mair licht.

NETHERLAW GLEN.

THE mornin' is fine, sae the day may be fair,
 Mak' haste, dinna tarry, but let us repair
 The day in retirement to pleasantly spen'
 'Mang the green shady bowers doon the Nether-
 law Glen.

There ferns grow in plenty, sae let us awa',
 Their lang gracefu' fronds hingin' bonny and braw,
 Whaur aft cross the burn I ha'e gaen wi' a sten
 To pick up a fern in Netherlaw Glen.

Ye'll see lots o' varieties there I can tell,
 I've aften come on them I trow by mysel',
 O' a' the braw scenes I in Galloway ken
 Few o' them can equal the Netherlaw Glen.

I min' when a rare fern* there I did fin',
I took aff my hat, in the air made it spin,
I jump'd an' I danc'd, ye'd hae thocht I wad en'
My days wi' delight in the Netherlaw Glen.

I've scam'led up banks at the risk o' my neck,
Ay, doon I hae faen whaur I didna expec',
My claes I hae torn, an' hae haen them to men'
Whiles after a splore in the Netherlaw Glen.

I've clam' the aul' ruin that's still stanin' there,
In the burn I hae tum'led till dreepin' fu' sair,
An' mishaps mair than thae that I here winna
pen,
Hae fa'en to my lot in the Netherlaw Glen.

O thae were the days when wi' spirits sae licht,
I trow I ne'er langed for the comin' o' nicht,
But frae they're awa I wi' pleasure dae sen'
My thochts back to rambles in Netherlaw Glen.

* *Scolopendrium vulgare*, var. *Trifurcatum*.



THE WOODEN GHOST.

IN plain Scotch rhyme I'll try to tell
 What langsyne noo to me befell
 When gaun a wee bit walk mysel'
 Ae simmer nicht,
 I nearly tum'led ower pell-mell,
 I trow wi' fricht.

I was where aft I'd been afore,
 Atween Daltammie an' Aul' Torr,
 Then a' was peacefu' 'lang the shore,
 But aft I'd seen
 In winter, angry breakers roar
 An' splash the green.

'Twas gloamin' quite—I scarce could see
 Ocht 'tween the muckle hills an' me;
 Big busses seem'd sae unco wee,
 I scarce could say
 A buss or body, which 'twould be,
 Some yards away.

The stars were peepin' oot fu' bricht,
 The sky was cloudless blue that nicht;
 The village windows in my sicht
 Were lit up noo:
 As on I gaed—my heart fu' licht,
 Nae care I knew.

For I was but a thochtless chiel,
 Nae carkin' care my heart did feel,

But troth I min' the nicht as weel's
I do my friens,
Tho' but a lad, nor then atweel
Into my teens.

Along the fit-pad on the bank,
Whaur reeds an' grass were growin' rank,
Frae oot the ditch, withoot a blank,
I onward gaed;
An' maybe thinkin' on some prank
Somewhere I'd played.

Hooe'er that be, this is a fac',
That I was on my hameward track,
Nor wad my min' be on the rack,
For weel I ken'd
The road afore, an' 'hint my back
Frae end to end.

But straucht afore me there I saw
A queer like something, white as snaw!
My breath I in gey fast did draw
Withoot a lee,
An' stammer'd oot, "What is't ava?
O guid save me!"

I brocht was quickly to a stan',
An' near for't took leg-bale an' ran—
Nae doot my face wi' fear grew wan
Had I it seen,
An' truly wished I'd by the han'
Some trusty frien'.

Amaist demented, there I stood,
In ocht but a contented mood ;
The whaup's unearthly cry sae lood
 Aboon me rang ;
I won'ered really if I should
 A 'bout gate gang.

" Yes ! gang " said something by the Rigg,
" I'm sure ye needna care a fig
For gaun about, yon looks sae big
 An' unco queer ;"
Sae weel this voice within did prig
 That gaen I'd near.

Thro' a' this time the thing there sat,
But what it was, aweel I wat,
On oath I couldna answered that ;
 It seemed to ha'e
Some fifty legs, as thin's a lat,
 An' twa three mae.

I tried to mak oot what 'twould be,
An' on't aye keepit fast my e'e,
But what it was I couldna see,
 Tho' sair I try't ;
Thinks I, whatever ill I dree,
 I will gang by't.

Gang by't, said I—na, till't I'll gang,
An' that wi' gey uncanny bang—
Wi' takin' courage, I grew strang,
 Withoot a doot,
An' troth, I wasna vera lang
 O' finin't oot.

I quickly button'd up my jacket,
An' straucht for't ran, an' never slackit
Till I was maist upon the back o't,
 When, sure as ocht,
I saw my bräin had sair been rackit,
 An' a' 'bout nocht.

An' what was a' this fearfu' sicht,
That nearly made me swarf ootricht?
For, to be plain, I got a fricht,
 The truth I speak,
An' nearly too I ran that nicht
 As clean's a leek.

This ghost was but an aul' tree root,
Wi' a' its talons stickin' oot;
Brocht there an' left, there's little doot,
 Juist by the sea,
An' bleach'd as white's a linen cloot
 Could ever be.

Sic things ha'e whiles by folk been seen,
An' sae bewildered min' an' een,
That dubb'd as ghosts they aft ha'e been
 An' noised abroad,
Till big an' wee, when late at e'en,
 Ha'e fled the road.

But troth, this ghost ne'er frichted ane
Except mysel', I weel could bin'
My tongue, e'en frae my nearest kin,
 It ne'er got wing,
Sae nae glib tongue the tale could spin
 Wi' bletherin' ring,

LEAVING HOME.

FAREWELL ! ye peaceful, rural glades,
Farewell ! each strath and glen,
I now must leave your verdant shades,
Where streamlets leap in bright cascades,
For the busy haunts of men ;
But in thought I'll hear, though far away,
The song-birds lilt on the leafy spray
Their cheery, blythesome songs.

I'll ne'er forget the happy hours
That I in youth have spent
Among your verdant leafy bowers
Where oft I've culled the gay wild flowers,
Or played upon the bent,
And in thought I'll hear, though far away,
The song-birds lilt on the leafy spray
Their cheery, blythesome songs.

How pleasant now those moments seem
That are with youth-time gone,
More bright the summer's sunny gleam,
More sweet the purling of the stream
Than when they were my own,
Still in thought I'll hear, though far away,
The song-birds lilt on the leafy spray
Their cheery, blythesome songs.

Amid the busy hum of life
What more will care assuage
Than thinking on those pleasures rife,
In childhood's days, so void of strife,
Written on mem'ry's page,
While in thought I hear, though far away,
The song-birds lilt on the leafy spray
Their cheery, blythesome songs.



I'M TIRED O' THE CITY.

I'M tired o' the city, its bustle an' din,
I would fain seek some rural retreat,
A burnie's saft prattle, the roar o' a linn,
I lo'e better than clatter o' feet.

I'm tired o' the city, its glitter an' show
Mak' me dizzy an' dazzle my e'e,
While in ae neuk there's mirth, in anither there's
woe,
Sic as mortals ha'e often to dree.

I'm tired o' the city, deception she vends,
In a' circles this art she employs,
The simple to snare a' her vigour she lends
An' aft to their ruin decoys.

I'm tired o' the city, I long ance again
O'er the purple clad mountains to rove,
Or wander alane by the star-daisied plain,
O these are the scenes that I love!

For what is the city, its pomp and its pride,
Compared wi' the health-givin' breezæ
That sweeps thro' the wuds by the steep moun-
tain side,
An' rustles the leaves on the trees.

Yes I'm tired o' the city, its bustle an' din,
I would fain seek some rural retreat,
A burnie's saft prattle, the roar o' a linn,
I lo'e better than clatter o' feet.

THE KENLUM BRAES.

WE'LL meet upon the Kenlum braes,
Whaur grow the hazel nuts and slaes,
Aside the bonny milk-white thorn,
That stan's ayont the wimplin' burn.

We'll roam whaur nods the sweet blue bell,
On mountain side and rocky fell,
And blythesome spend the lee lang day
Beneath the sun's bricht burnin' ray.

We'll speel the steep Dungarrie's side,
Whaur sparklin' burnies dance and glide,
Or wade the heather up Bengairn,
To view the vale o' Auchencairn.

I'll pu' the heath and blue bells fair,
That grow in nature's beauty there,
And busk a wreath to deck your broo,
Then slyly pree your bonny mou'.

The crawpea blooms by rocky fen,
The primrose fair in mony a glen ;
Fu' sweet the blackbird tunes his lay,
As if to greet the dawn o' day.

But though they a' are dear to me,
Far dearer is your twinklin' e'e ;
Mair sweet than blackbird's note sae clear,
Your voice fa's on my listenin' ear.

Then meet me on the Kenlum braes,
Whaur by ilk knowe the burnie plays ;
And there the joys o' love we'll tell,
Whaur sweetly blooms the dear blue bell.

THE AULD MAID'S DEFENCE; OR, JEAN
M'WHURR'S TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

FOLK muckle hae thocht, an' as muckle hae
said
About this ane an' that ane that's noo an'
aul' maid;
They say that about us there's something to blame,
When nae ane has ask'd us to alter oor name.

They may say what they like, but it's quite clear
to me,
That we're a' juist as wiselike as ony I see,
An' we a' ken oor ain ken' as weel's they do their's,
An' instead o' nae offers, we've haen them in pairs.

But we're far better single than tied to a man,
Let ony ane try to refute me that can;
The ae time they'll dawt ye, an' act like a fule,
The neist, when they're cankered, they'll mak ye
their snule.

Juist look ower the gate there at Tibby M'Craw,
Puir body, she weel kens her back's to the wa';
There's ae thing that's weel seen, an' tak's but ae
e'e,
That sin' she got wed she's haen muckle to dree.

Tam flytes at, an' gey aften flegs her to boot,
For as sune as the drink's in the wit it gangs oot;
He spen's ilka ha'p'ny wi' hard wark he earns,
An' Tib has to fen' for hersel' an' the bairns.

The bairns I'm mair vexed for than e'en I'm for
Tib,
For ocht that is ill aye to learn it they're glib,
An' little they see aboot Tam that is guid,
While muckle they baith see an' hear that is rude.

That drink, what a curse it has been to the lan',
It to ruin an' mis'ry has brocht mony a man,
Yet few heed the warnin'—they drink on an' say
They'll stop it when ower them it's gainin' the sway.

There hae mony said that, but when tryin' to stap,
They unhappily faun' oot they were snug in a trap,
An' sune saw, but o'er late when they'd got safe
within,
'Twad been easier to bide oot, than get oot when in.

Hoo mony, ilk year, doun to poverty sink,
Juist wi' dabblin' an' suppin' this terrible drink ;
Ae glass seeks anither, sae better tak nane,
For the only safe coorse is to let it alane.

That's but ane 'mang the lave—I ken ithers far
waur,
An' to see them there's nae ane need gang unco
far ;
Sae when thae things I look at, I'm better my
lane,
For I'm clear o' the bother o' baith man an' wean.

There Tabby sits snug on her low-cushioned chair,
An' to see us ye'd say we're a leal loving pair ;
Nae bickerin' 'tween us, for we aye weel agree,
An' leeve on thegither as happy's can be.

Ilk morn as I get them I read oot the news,
An' when I gi'e o'er she looks at me an' mews,
As muckle's to say read awa, Miss M'Whurr,
Then weel pleased hauds her paw up an' gie's a
bit purr.

Folk mak licht o' aul' maids for I dinna ken what,
They laugh at the white teapat lid an' the cat,
An' say gang to the garret, it's nearer the mune,
An' maybe the man that leeves there may come
doun.

Sic a queer way to talk, but o' sense they are
scant,
For some coppers to mak' oot the shillin' they
want,
Sae we e'en will forgie them, an' weel that we
can,
It's weel gin a's pleased that hae gotten a man.

An' gin they be pleased, we're as weel pleased wi'
nane,
Sae their gabs they nicht steek, an' let us maids
alane;
In this warl ilk ane has eneuch aye to do
Wi' themsel's withoot meddlin' wi' ither folk too.



A BACHELOR'S PHOTOGRAPH.

THERE'S gey aften twa sides to ilk clash that
 ye hear,
 An' till baith sides are heard the truth
 doesna appear;
 But in ither things too, e'en this maxim hauds
 true,
 Sae a bachelor's life in and oot I will view.

Outside, if ye see him, his heid's aye sae heich,
 And frae ilk lass he meets dryly turns it abeigh
 He struts like a bantam, as if a' was his ain,
 Yet I think while's to speak to them too he is fain.

Ae glisk o' him then may be a' vera fine,
 When he's weel snoddit up, and' his boots brawly
 shine,
 But to see him as hoosewife's a far different sicht,
 For baith hoose and himsel's in a pitifu' plicht.

To try and gang in, if it's ony ways dark,
 I can tell ye wad tak' unco cautious wark,
 For as sure as I say't, if ye didna tak' care,
 Ye'd be sure to fa' ower a big stool or a chair.

Juist ae look o' the hoose—it wad open your een—
 For 'twould show what the lives o' laue bachelors
 ha'e been;
 But look to your feet, if ye think o' gaun in,
 For fear ye get trippit and peel a' yer shin.

When he sits doon to tea, on my word it's a treat,
Ae minute he scarcely gets keepin' his seat ;
While's the sugar's forgot ; while's a knife or a
spune,
Sae he's up, and he's down, 'till the meal it be
dune.

Ae morn makin' parritch afore he gaed oot,
He scarce had the meal in 'till doun fell the soot,
Syne scouder'd his fingers wi' liftin' the pan,
Hoo I laughed at him puffin' and blawin' his han'.

I didna juist like to laugh fair in his face,
Sae I turned me aboot wi' my back to the brace ;
Weel I kent that he heard me, tho' naething he
spak',
But set up the pan, soot, and a' on the rack.

His meat a' that day, whether plenty or scant,
Far raither than clean oot the pan he'd wad want,
Though brawly he ken'd he wad ha'e it to dae,
H'd far raither leave it 'til some ither day.

But losh me that's naething to what I could tell
O' what I ha'e seen in his hoose aft mysel',
But I think I've said plenty to show what I mean,
That mair comfort he'd had if he married had been.

Then let ilk chiel tak' warnin' and dinna be blate
To bespeak a bit lassie afore it's ower late,
For if the courtin' be laith to begin,
Juist as sure as the warl he'll never tak' ane.

I LOVE THE LAND.

I LOVE the land where the heather bells
Adorn the mountain side,
Where purling brooks, through enchanting dells,
Bound on with joyous stride;
Where the thistle, Scotland's boasted flower,
Still studs the grassy lea;
The emblem fair of her blood-bought dower,
The homestead of the free.

I love the land where the eagle rears
Her brood on the giddy steep,
'Mong crags grown hoar with the wane of years,
Round which rude tempests sweep.
Of scenes like these I delight to dream,
'Tis there I long to roam,
Where snow-clad peaks in the sunlight gleam—
I own that land as home.

I love the land where the fertile plain
Its golden treasure yields,
To crown the toil of the humble swain,
Whose hand the sickle yields;
Where genius oft unwearied treads
The fickle path to fame,
And in rural cottage bright lustre sheds,
And leaves an honoured name.

I love the land from the despot free,
Now curbed is the tyrant's power;
No vassal now from his lord must flee,
Or like slave 'neath his anger cower;
Where progress ever in thought and aim
Her fostering care shall be,
This birthright aye we will proudly claim,
Old Scotland, dear to thee.

I'M SLIDIN' DOUN THE BRAE.

I'M slidin' down the brae o' life,
 Fast slidin' down the brae,
 Wi' feeble frame, an' totterin' step,
 I'm slidin' down the brae.
 Twice forty-twa lang years I've seen,
 I'll no see mony mae,
 But hope aye keeps my spirits licht
 Tho' slidin' down the brae.

My thochts flit aft to Ane abune,
 Wha has wi' han' unseen
 Lang borne me on, thro' ups and douns
 He aye my stay has been.
 My memory noo belies me sair,
 It usedna to be sae;
 Dim are my een, ance sparklin' bricht—
 I'm slidin' down the brae.

Tho' memory fails, I yet can min'
 The days when I was young;
 Ay! often-times like siller-cluds
 They ower my heid hae hung.
 Waes me! what changes time brings roun',
 My hair ance black's a slae,
 Has tint langsyne its raven look—
 I'm slidin' down the brae.

The tide o' life is ebbin' noo,
 Time's shingly sands I see
 Turn dry an' yieldy 'neath my feet—
 Oh! what's this warl' to me.

Upon His arm I'll firmly lean :
The strength I need He'll gi'e,
If I but trust an' patient wait
While slidin' doun the brae.

Fast, fast my days are wearin' thro',
Life's bruckle thread maun break,
'Tis wearin' thin—the han' o' death
Will sune me overtake.
But since ayont the valley dark
Shines bricht an' en'less day,
I winna frown, that fast my feet
Are slidin' doun the brae.



ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

THE darling babe !—her sufferings all are o'er,
The little tortured frame is laid at rest,
And now she stands on yonder happy shore
In robes of white among the eternal blest.

A gentle smile her little face o'erspread,
As if to cheer those who her loss would mourn,
Then calm and peacefully her spirit fled
To yon bright sphere, from whence she'll ne'er
return.

From scenes of sin and sorrow she has gone,
To dwell where all is purity and love ;
Death's valley she has passed, but not alone—
Bright angels bore her safe to heaven above.

Brief was her stay in this dark world of woe ;
For her the Saviour did a home prepare,
Then why should bitter tears of sorrow flow,
When she has gone to dwell with Jesus there.



GOOD BYE.

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE DEPARTURE OF A
FRIEND FOR INDIA.

TO youthful home and friends I've said
The parting word, good bye,
To find a home in foreign land,
Beneath a sultry sky.

But fair tho' be that land afar,
With verdure rich and gay,
I'll ne'er forget old Scotland dear,
With rugged mountains grey.

In thought I'll wander o'er the fields
Where oft in youth I've played,
And hear anew the babbling streams,
As by their course I strayed.

Or hear the sparrows blythely chirp
Along the hedgerows fair,
As then they did in gladsome spring,
When I a girl was there.

Or sit upon the rock-bound shore,
Where bright the sunbeams glance
Upon the waves, as to and fro
They seem to sport and dance.

The palm tree's graceful form may please
The eye, but ne'er can be
So dear as trees that grow around
My Scottish home, to me.

Then fare-thee-well, old Scotland dear,
'Neath India's sultry sky
I go to find another home—
Good-bye again, good-bye.

SEVEN LITTLE SHELLS.

 EVEN little shells, by hand unknown,
Upon our darling's grave were laid ;
Though small it seemed, that kindly act
A tribute to her memory paid.

Seven little shells, in number like
The years to us her life was given,
Then she was by death's hand laid low,
And snatched from earth to live in heaven.

Seven little shells, a dreary blank
Is in our little circle now ;
Yet while we mourn, we'll murmur not,
But lowly in submission bow.

Seven little shells, on earth again
Her pleasant voice no more we'll hear ;
But oft the hymns she sang so sweet
Will linger fondly in our ear.

Seven little shells, her little hands
So busy always, now are still ;
Yes, still in death ! such mournful thoughts
With bitter grief our bosoms fill.

Seven little shells, in silence tell
Of one beloved who sleeps below,
And though we miss her sadly here,
She's safe beyond this world of woe.

Seven little shells, amid our grief
How sweet to know her griefs are o'er ;
And far beyond earth's valley drear,
Has reached that ever glorious shore.

Seven little shells, her precious form
Is ever hid from mortal eyes,
But fleeting time will soon be past,
Then we shall meet beyond the skies.

Seven little shells, our lov'd one then
Will welcome us her joys to share
In that fair land ; how sweet the thought
There are no bitter partings there.



BURNS AND DUMFRIES.

—
 "I love thee, Nith, thy banks and braes."—BURNS.



HOUSEHOLD name is thine, broad
 Scotland o'er,
 Alike in humble home and mansion grand;
 Beloved, revered, in these alone ? nay more,
 By patriot Scots in many a distant land.

And with thy name, as if by magic wand,
 Start into view, and meet the uplifted eye,
 Lochlea, Mossgiel, Mauchline, and Ellisland ;
 The last endeared to thee by home's fond tie.

Still seems to throb with patriotic fire
 Thy manly heart in sympathy with ours,
 As in the echoes of thy trembling lyre
 We hear thee praise our dells and sylvan bowers.

Within that dear adopted home of thine,
 The "South's fair Queen," so honoured thus to
 be,
 Thy genius glowed with lustre bright, divine ;
 Her name immortalised, since linked to thee.

There oft the muse on golden pinions bright,
 Above thee hovered, till in gushing song
 Burst forth the richest strains that e'er took flight
 From harp of Bard old Scotia's vales among.

Thou by the Nith meandering to the sea
Hast wandered oft, enwrapt in Nature's
 charms;
Then rapturously swept o'er the chords so free,
Till verse poured forth which still each bosom
 warms.

That magic power which thou hast truly lent
With tender pathos and with master skill,
To Scotland's beauties, from thy soul found vent
In silvery songs as bright as sparkling rill.

Knit as with filial bond is heart to heart
Of Caledonia's sons in fame renowned,
Right bravely did our sires act out their part,
Till her stern brow with freedom's star was
 crowned.

Such feelings surged within thy gen'rous breast,
And, welling up, thy genial nature fired;
Such deeds as theirs oft gave thy muse its zest,
And oftentimes thy noblest songs inspired.

The meanest subject, by thy genius bright,
Was turned into a garland rich and rare;
But soon, alas! thy life began to blight,
And low was bowed beneath a load of care.

Prosperity's enchantment never seemed
To linger by thee long with cheering smile
For prospects bright, of which thou oft hadst
 dreamed,
Were phantom hopes that cheered but to
 beguile.

Grieved are our hearts to-day that thou didst
know

And feel so keen the pangs of sore distress ;
Applauding those who did, yea, were not slow
To give relief, and make thy sufferings less.

Strange that thy proudest triumphs should be
won

Where most acutely thy warm heart did bleed ;
Where prematurely sank thy noon-day sun,
And from dark cares thy lofty spirit freed.

With mingled feelings now we love to view
The house wherein were spent thy latest days ;
Where ceased to beat a heart to Scotland true,
Expressed and felt in thy immortal lays.

What gloried haloes round Dumfries now shine ;
What interest round her centres, famed afar ;
What lively feelings round her entwine
Through him we claim as our poetic star.

What memories crowd around the hallowed place
Where sleep the ashes of the honoured dead,
Whose kindly features we delight to trace
In marble statue o'er his narrow bed.

Where still the muse her mystic mantle holds
Above him, as if guarding his repose,
Or tenderly to wrap him in its folds
From danger, till time's latest day shall close.

Well may Dumfriesians now be proud to link
His name with theirs, their "nation's patriot
bard ;"

A name which ne'er will to oblivion sink ;
While Scotchmen live, his memory they'll
regard.

Then, other tribute to his memory rear,
Befitting well the debt to him you owe ;
For form of statue, let your deeds appear
That tangibly will your affection shew,

And place it nigh the haunts he loved so well.
With hearts aglow to these our thought oft
turns ;
Such statue to posterity will tell
How in your day was loved "the poet Burns."



SPRING.

GONE is winter's dreary form,
Piercing cold, and howling storm ;
Foaming torrents now forego
Their furious rush, and calmly flow,
While birds their grateful praises sing,
In carols sweet, to welcome spring.

Genial showers bedew each plain,
Slumbering nature wakes again,
Bursting into bud and flower,
Revived by seeming magic power,
When thou to earth dost beauty bring,
Who would not hail thee, welcome spring ?

Nature's beauty far and wide
Meets the eye on every side,
Trees, and shrubs, and fields, are seen,
All clothed in garbs of varied green,
And wild birds flit on joyous wing,
Delighted with thee, welcome spring ?

Harbinger of summer sweet,
We with joy thy presence greet ;
Flowers will bloom by gurgling brook
In every little sylvan nook—
Then should we not with rapture sing
The praises of a welcome spring ?

Sweet to rest at twilight hour
Underneath some leafy bower,
Where the various wild flowers blow,
And waving ferns profusely grow ;
What tongue could then refuse to sing
A grateful song for welcome spring ?

SUMMER.

THE meadow flowers are blooming,
Their fragrance scents the air,
Fair summer now is strewing
Her beauties everywhere,

Beside the running brooklet,
In forest, field, and dell,
Now grow in wild profusion
The gowan and bluebell.

So gaily dress'd, each hawthorn
Enlivens now the scene,
With sprays like silvery feathers,
Emboss'd in richest green.

In flowers of richest yellow
Is robed each broom and whin,
That on the bank is growing
Beside the little linn,

Whose water flows so calmly,
As o'er the rock it pours,
Unlike its force in winter,
When furiously it roars.

And see, the massive clusters
Of flowers which now adorn
The mountain ash o'erhanging,
The broom beside the burn.

More gay in dress of summer,
With white flowers overhead,
Thou art, than in the autumn,
When clad in berries red.

The songsters in the woodland
Enjoy the cooling breeze,
Now flaunting in the sunshine,
Now singing 'mong the trees.

I love to hear the carols
That ring through wood and grove,
They tell of joy and gladness,
Of innocence and love.

Hail ! hail ! thou beauteous summer,
Of seasons thou art queen,
For none is robed so gaily
In flowers of wonderous sheen.

AUTUMN.

NOO brichtly shines the siller mune,
The tree's lang shadows fa',
Nae clud obscures the lift abune,
Nor wild win's rudely blaw ;
The fields o' yellow wavin' corn
That short syne looked sae fair,
Hae o' their beauty a' been shorn,
Ilk ane's noo bleak and bare.

The trees hae tint their simmer look,
They've changed frae green to broun,
Frae aff the saugh trees by the brook
The leaves come drappin' down ;

Nae time in a' the year's mair fit,
Than when the leaves fast fa',
To mind us that we bit by bit,
Like them maun wear awa'.

The birds nae mair sae cheery sing,
They a' fu' brawly ken
That winter stern, wi' icy wing,
Will sune be steppin' ben ;
When fain they'll seek some cozie nook,
To shield them frae the blast,
Whaur aft they'll sit, wi' cauldride look,
Till winter's storms are past.

Sune will the wintry win' sae chill,
In gurly tempests sweep,
An' gaur the sheep upon the hill
For shelter deftly creep.
Tho' dark an' gloomy be the day,
An' lang the nichts appear,
I'll ever lo'e, aul' winter grey,
Thy hoarse-tongued voice to hear.



WINTER.

HOARSE moans the wind as it sweeps down
the valley,
Dark clouds are crowning yon steep moun-
tain's brow,
Winter seems eager his stern blasts to rally,
Blighted and cheerless are earth's beauties now.
Low in yon mountain glen,
Far hid from mortal ken,
Flow'rets in beauty bloomed, blushing unseen,
Modestly there they grew,
Bathed in the summer dew,
Shining like gems on earth's carpet of green.

Transient and fleeting, their beauty is faded,
Gone as the dew 'neath the sun's scorching
beam,
Nature once lovely looks gloomy and shaded,
Say has it been but a phantom, a dream ?
Mute now the tuneful lays
Heard on the summer days,
Blending in sweetness from woodland and plain,
Cold is the day and drear,
Scarce left us aught to cheer,
Winter his sceptre sways, chill is his reign.



A RETROSPECT.

LOVED home of youth, thou'lt ever be
The fairest spot on this fair earth to me ;
As I in memory view thy woods and hills,
Where murmuring brooks flow onward to the sea,
My bosom with an untold rapture fills,

Each lonely haunt I traverse o'er again,
Each field I view where grew the golden grain,
Each grassy slope, and lofty mountain steep,
Where furiously the wintry tempests sweep,
Each height, where oft I've stood, lov'd scenes to
view,
Now flit before my wondering eyes anew.

The towering cliffs that by the ocean stand
Like iron bulwarks reared by mighty hand,
'Gainst which I've watched the waves in fury dash,
While from the lurid cloud the lightning's flash
Shot forth with piercing glance o'er sea and land,
Then swiftly followed by the thunder's crash,
Now rise before mine eyes in massive form,
As then they stood amid the thunder storm.

Or as I think of summer's robe so gay,
I see the many wild flowers strew the way
In rich profusion, down each forest glade
They sweetly bloom in sunshine and in shade,
On grassy lea, or by the purling brook,
They meet my gaze whichever way I look,
The hedgerows green, the trees with ivy bound,
In grasp so firm their stately stems clad round,
As if tenaciously to hold the sway,
Till branch and stem should crumble with decay.

My native hills before me seem to rise,
Whose jutting points strike upward to the skies.
Dungarry, dark Bentuder, and Bengairn
Still seem to guard the vale of Auchencairn.
Now stands before me lofty cone-shaped Scrael,
Where oft the fox a-hiding sought to steal
From hunter's search, and hound's swift pace,
And for the time at least, evade the chase,
Once more I seem to hear the tally-ho,
That waked the echoes down the vale below,
When he the cover broke ; and now I view
The hounds, and huntsman him with speed
pursue,

Across the burn he hies with might and main,
The hill of Potterland he soon will gain,
Where many a well-contested hunt has been.
Beneath the lofty pine tree's darkening screen,
Excitement seems portrayed on every face,
Both hounds and huntsmen eager in the chase,
I seem to see the well-tried trusty pack
Keep close upon tod-lowrie's tortuous track.
Through tangled maze, along the rocky steep
Intently still upon his heels they keep,
Now through Glen-Yerrock's vale they swiftly go,
Once more resounds the lusty tally-ho.
With rapid strides now fox and hounds are seen,
But short and shorter grows the space between,
Now brought to bay he turns upon his foes
As if to fight for life, but soon the throes
Of death will end for ever all his woes,
Quick to the spot the huntsmen forward rush,
The life is gone, they now secure the brush.

I from that scene of wild excitement turn,
But not because such sport I wish to spurn,

Ilk ane wi' lauchin' like to burst,
But fain to keep it in,
For weel they a' ken'd nae ane durst
Mak' e'en the sma'est din.

"Some ane I'll catch the noo I'm sure,
At least my best I'll try,
Baith han's I'll haud sae near the floor
That nane will slip me by,
I'll use my ears weel, frae I'm blin',
To catch the slichtest soun',
An' should ane try by me to rin
Fu' quick I'll turn him roun'."

Ilk ane lets oot a lood guffaw',
He's grippit Jock at last,
Jock warstles sair to win awa',
But troth he hauds him fast.
Hoo lichtsomely the time did rin,
The 'oor seemed scarce begun
Until 'twas dune, for to ilk ane
Sae jolly was the fun.



MY CRUMMIE'S MINE NAE MAIR.

I'M like to greet, I'm like to greet,
 My crummie's mine nae mair,
 For want o' gowd to pay my rent
 I sell'd her at the fair.

Oh ! had ye seen the waefu' look
 She gied when ta'en awa',
 That waefu' look I'll ne'er forget
 As lang's I've breath to draw.

Nae bonnier beast I e'er hae seen,
 Nor wad I wish to see,
 Sae black an' glossy was her skin
 A bonnier couldna be.
 She wasna big, but she was guid,
 Its' ten lang years an' twa,
 When comes the time, sin' she was bocht
 Frae ane that's noo awa'.

Oh ! had the laird mair kindly been—
 But that he wadna be—
 His rent he wad ha'e got as sune
 As I had haen't to gie'.
 But may he ne'er ha'e lack o' wealth,
 An' nocht to gie him pain,
 My heart it wadna be sae sair
 Had crummie been my ain.

My head is in an unco whirl,
 A burnin's in my broo,
 Dark, dark's the clud noo ower me hung,
 But yet I'll warstle through,
 For help frae man I dinna look,
 Sma' help ha'e they to gie,
 I look for help frae Ane wha dries
 The tear frae ilka e'e.

JOHN'S TURNIN' POINT.



CANNY body, John, by name,
Wha in the country leeved,
Wad never bide ae nicht at hame,
His wife, this muckle grieved.

His throat was aften fashed wi' drouth,
This drouth had fashed him lang,
Nor wad he water drink, forsooth
He likit something strang.

At Jenny's tavern, near the toun,
He wi' his cronies met,
Whaur sune the sparklin glass gaed roun',
An' ilka throat weel wet.

There tales were tauld wi' mirth an' glee,
Nor were they fear't to spin,
When drink was gaun, a thumpin' lee
Their tongues were ill to bin'.

Some unco weird like tales were tauld,
O' ghosts that had been seen,
Wi' crookit witches, frail an' auld
Forgath'rin' on the green.

Ae bonnie coo, Jean Tamson's best,
Neist day was awfu' lame,
Gaed to the field amang the rest,
But ne'er again came hame.

Will Jenkins by the ingle sat,
He thocht he heard a maen,
Syne lookit roun, when something grat
As waefu' as a wean.

He socht aboot, baith but an' ben,
But fient a thing he saw,
Look as he micht, in neither en',
To mak' sic noise ava.

When sic like stories fast gaed roun',
As ilk ane blin'er grew,
Nae won'er that frae chin to croon
John's heid was packit fu'.

O' ghosts an' sic lik gruesome things
As ever had been seen,
A' clad in white, flee without wings
The earth an' sky atween.

But Jenny thocht it time to skale,
An' troth she wasna wrang,
'Twas late, an' sune their legs micht fail
Their hameward road to gang.

They staucher oot, noo up they stan',
Baith heid an' pouches licht,
Syne grip ilk ither by the han'
An' hiccup oot, guid nicht.

As John his hameward steps did trace,
What happened, noo I'll tell
As near's I can, for face to face
He tauld me't a' himsel'.

JOHN'S STORY.

Aside the aul' kirkyard ae nicht
A fearfu' sicht I saw,
My hair stood straucht up wi' the fricht,
Said I, "what is't ava?"

It glow'rd at me, an' I at it,
Till fast frae every pore
I swat wi fear, frae head to fit,
As ne'er I'd dune afore.

Quo' I guid sauf what can it be,
It's surely no a ghost,
Stane still I stood, withoot a lee,
In 'maze an' won'er lost.

It seem'd to me as white as snaw,
Wi' twa big glarin' een
That glow'rin at me, seemed to shaw
Twa colours, red an' green.

To mony shapes it turned itsel,
I thocht this unco queer,
My un'er-jaw lowsed, doon it fell
Upon my breist wi' fear.

The angry win' gaed howlin by,
The nicht was wild an' mirk,
Nae starnie shone in a' the sky
Abune the toom aul' kirk.

As there I stood, glued to the bit,
I dinna ken hoo lang,
I tried to rin, but no ae fit
I aff the bit could gang.

It nearer cam', syne gied a squeak,
An then straucht up it sat,
I stooped, an' wi' a better keek
Faun' oot it was—a cat.

Richt fast I made it tak' the gate,
And after't tried to rin,
But bein' licht aboot the pate
I heels ower heid did spin.

At hame neist day, I sat me down
An' vow'd that ne'er again
Wi' drink I wad my senses droon,
An' leave my wife an' wean.

Sin' then my vow I've keepit weel,
For drink I ne'er ha'e preed,
To them wha like to serve the deil,
Quite willingly I leav't.

An' since nae mair the drink I've ta'en,
Baith sune, an' late at e'en,
I by the auld kirkyard hao gaen,
But ne'er a ghost ha'e seen.



MAY.

SWEET May has come with genial showers,
The face of nature cheering,
And now each field, and plant, and flower,
Its summer garb is wearing.

Beside each little trickling brook
Sweet butter cups are gleaming,
And, here and there, each grassy field
With daisy plots is teeming.

On every side, 'mong leafy bowers,
The joyous birds are singing,
And hastily from flower to flower
The busy bees are winging.

Where'er we look, each broom and whin
With yellow flowers is glowing,
And sweetly too, the hawthorn tree,
Its milk-white flowers is showing.

Beneath the bright blue summer sky
The merry lark is soaring,
And, for the blest return of May,
His grateful song is pouring.

O! WINTER, DREARY WINTER.



! WINTER, dreary winter,
I wish ye were awa',
For gin I tine my Jamie
There's naething left ava'.
I'm weary o' thae lang, lang nights,
I weary for the spring,
For oh! I ken 'twould cheer him
To hear the birdies sing.

Ye mauna leave me, Jamie,
For should we ha'e to pairt,
Ye ken it sair wad grieve me,
I'm sure 'twould break my heart,
But better days will sune be here,
Lang talk'd o' joys they'll bring,
For oh! I ken 'twill cheer ye
To hear the birdies sing.

Oh! what could ease my sorrow
If ye were ta'en awa',?
No a' the joys o' simmer
Wi' a' the flowers that blaw.
I'm weary o' thae lang, lang nights,
I weary for the spring,
For oh! I ken 'twill cheer ye
To hear the birdies sing.

ACROSTIC.

 OVELY floweret of the early year
 Unfolding petals of the purest white,
 Commanding winter's storms to disappear,
 You point to future flowers with colours bright,
 And, for the present, bloom, our lives to cheer,
 No flower so sweet and graceful, none so fair,
 None can for purity with thee compare,
 So dead all nature seemed till thy fair form
 Crept silently above thy bed of snow,
 Out from the cold, cold earth, despite the storm,
 Thy modest drooping flower shall sweetly blow
 Till thou thy Master's mission dost perform.

TO A PRIMROSE.



THOU golden gem of beauty,
 Often thou'rt admired by me,
 Nae hyacinth or slender daisy's
 Half sae sweet compared wi' thee.

'Mang briers an' thorns ye grow content,
 And sweetly bloom ilk year anew,
 Tho' whiles ye seek the hazel's shade
 As if ye'd fain escape our view.

On some green bank, or lonely glen,
 Where wimplin' burnie's rin fu' clear
 Your honey blossoms forth ye sen',
 To tell wi' joy that simmer's here.

But, lovely primrose, thou must fade,
 Thy bonnie blossoms disappear,
 Tho' soon this season we must part,
 Thou'lt sweetly bloom another year.

LAND OF WONDROUS STORY.

LAND of wondrous story,
 Land of ceaseless love,
 Land where matchless glory,
 Surrounds the throne above.

Chorus.—There we'll meet, there we'll meet,
 When this brief life is o'er,
 To praise the Lamb in anthems sweet
 Who reigns for evermore.

Land of dazzling brightness,
 Land of peace and joy,
 Land of spotless whiteness
 Wherein there's no alloy.
Chorus—There we'll meet, &c.

Land of flowers undying,
 Land where all is fair,
 Land devoid of sighing,
 No sorrow enters there.
Chorus—There we'll meet, &c.

Land of richest treasure,
 Land of quiet rest,
 Land of holy pleasure,
 Where dwell the ransomed blest.
Chorus—There we'll meet, &c.

Land where friends ne'er sever,
 Land where falls no night,
 Land where darkness never
 Shall cloud eternal light.
Chorus—There we'll meet, &c.

PROLOGUE

WRITTEN FOR AND SPOKEN AT
PRESENTATION SOIREE
TO

MR JAMES TAYLOR,

March 30th, 1875.

THIS night we here are met, respect to pay
To one whom long we've held in high esteem,
And supplicate the Lord to guide his way,
And fill his inmost soul with brightest gleam
Of heavenly love, and safely keep
Him from the dangers of the mighty deep.

None here to-night, except himself, can tell
The varied feelings which his bosom swell.
When back we look, we see him lonely left,
With none to tend, to comfort, or to cheer;
When of his much-lov'd partner bereft,
Few were with him to drop a silent tear.
In all his trials, sure I am, that we
Accord him now our warmest sympathy.

But ne'er was life made up of shade alone;
Behind the darkest cloud has always shone
The effulgent sun, whose scorching ray
Can chase the rain-drops from each blade away.
This night, I'm sure, to all must seem to be
A sunny spot in our friend's history;
And while he lives, he'll greatly prize, indeed,
The gift presented now by Doctor Reid.

But saddening thoughts intrude themselves again :
The parting's near ; across the trackless main,
Far, far from Scotia's Isle he soon must roam,
To find in distant land another home.
But loving ones, long absent, there reside,
And for his every comfort will provide.
Such thoughts as these, when called from friends
to part,
Must surely tend to cheer his drooping heart.

Dear friend, reluctantly we say, Adieu !
And pray the God of Heaven to be your stay,
Until, beyond death's gloom, appear in view,
The glorious beams of everlasting day.



MY AUL' SPINNIN' WHEEL

FRAE sune i' the mornin' till late i' the e'en
 I've birl'd ye roun' wi' forefinger, I ween;
 For years ye hae kept me in tatties an'
 meal,

Ye've to me been a guid frien', my aul' spinnin'
 wheel.

Fu' mony a rowin' 'tween finger an' thoom
 To your spindle I've stack to mak' thread for the
 loom,

Syne gaured ye gae roun' wi' a bum an' a breel—
 I likit your music, my aul' spinnin' wheel.

Thegither we feucht on for mony a lang year,
 I tentit ye weel, keepin' richt aye your gear;
 An' aft by your side I've been sair wrocht atweel,
 Yet warstled on wi' ye, my aul' spinnin' wheel.

I never jaloosed, when I heard the fowk speak,
 O' new-fangled machines, that I then thoct a
 freak,

That ere lang they wad frae me my wark awa
 steal,

An' leave ye there idle, my aul' spinnin' wheel.

Hech me! but I'm wae when I think o' the days
 When the wark we had dune I could speak o' wi
 praise;

Noo I'm maist gane deleerit, my heid in a creel,
 Wi' thinkin' aboot it, my aul' spinnin' wheel.

Yet aye I've been cared for; my bread I ne'er
 want,

Tho' whiles I hae seen it a wee kennin' scant;
 There's Ane lookin' ower me wi' heart staunch
 and leal,

Sae want disna fear me, my aul' spinnin' wheel.

THE GALLOWAY HILLS.

I LANG to be back to the Galloway hills,
 Among the red heather to wander,
 And hear ance again the sweet murmurin' rills
 That down the green valleys meander.

Chorus.—O dear, dear to me are the Galloway
 hills,

Yes, dear, dear to me are the
 Galloway hills,

Among them I'd leeve, an' among
 them I'd dee,

For nae hills can e'er gie sic
 pleasure to me.

I carena to hear aboot big foreign hills,
 Speak o' them that my heart counts far dearer;
 Oor ain hills at hame fairly ootshine them a'—
 O I wish to their side I was nearer.

Chorus.—O dear, dear to me, &c.

Among them I've roved in the days o' lang syne,
 When the saft westlin' win' it was blawin',
 An' bigg'd airy castles that ne'er could be mine,
 Till nicht's heavy dews they were fa'in'.

Chorus.—O dear, dear to me, &c.

O gran' are the hills roun' my Galloway hame,
 An' bonnier the harebell's sweet blossom,
 Than a' their fine flow'rs, hardly worth sic a name,
 That aft busk a fair lady's bosom.

Chorus.—O dear, dear to me, &c.

Once mair I will sing o' the Galloway hills,

Wi' nature's rare beauty surroundin' ;

Once mair I will sing o' the sparklin' rills

That doun frae their summits gang boundin'.

Chorus.—O dear, dear to me are the Galloway
hills,

Yes, dear, dear to me are the
Galloway hills,

Amang them I'd leeve, an' amang
them I'd dee,

For nae hills can e'er gi'e sic
pleasure to me.



THE WIFE O' WOODEN.'

A GALLOWAY WORTHY.

HA'E ye ever heard tell o' the wife o' Wooden' ?
 If no, list awee an' the tale ye'll sune ken.
 I min' her richt weel, an' a queer look
 had she,

An' a' body thocht her unchancie a wee ;
 She leaved in a house wi' a but an' a ben—
 A weird look, I trow, had the wife o' Wooden'.

A soo-bucket mutch she wore, heich i' the croon,
 Aneath whilk her grey hairs in towders hung doon,
 A black ban' laid ower't, wi' the ends o't preen'd in,
 An' specs on her een, but amaist she was blin',
 I'm sure she was far 'yont the threescore-an-ten,
 But I ken'dna the age o' the wife o' Wooden'.

Wi' a stick in ilk han' she gaed hirplin' aboot—
 She needed them baith when within an' without—
 Her back was sair bent, an' her face sharp was set,
 The tap o' her nose an' her chin amaist met ;
 When she wanted to borrow, aye ready to len'
 Was ilk ane, I trow, to the wife o' Wooden'.

Queer stories were tell'd by the neibors aroun',
 Whilk gaur'd mony a heart gi'e a loup an' a stoun ;
 When ony mishap did occur, auld an' young
 Sune pointed the source oot frae whence it had
 sprung ;
 For a witch she was counted by mony, I ken,
 An' troth she was like it, the wife o' Wooden'.

A farmer near by, O, the base-hearted loon!
Refused her a lift ance when gaun to the toon;
She vowed he would rue it, whate'er he might
 think,
He lauched, cuist his heid, and was aff in a wink;
But ere he got hame he was made sair to ken
He'd better been frien's wi' the wife o' Wooden'.

His horse it took fricht at a something gaun hame,
It scampered an' flung till 'twas covered wi' faem,
Syne ran 'gainst a milestane wi' thundrin' crash—
The gig was upset, O, the fearful stramash!
Ye may guess that thro't a' the farmer wad len'
His thochts to the vow o' the wife o' Wooden'.

Ower far mae than him she her cantrips did cast,
Ilk ane was in dreid till their hoose she gaed past,
The sicht o' her gaur'd a' aroun' haud their breath
An' fervently pray for the day o' her death;
But, frae close observation, ower weel did they ken
She was teuch as a widdie, the wife o' Wooden'.

At last the day cam' when her cantrips nae mair
Annoyed ony neibor, nor were their hearts sair;
It seemed a relief that had come to them a',
For nae ane could trust the auld' body ava.
It's noo a when years since grim Death took her
 ben,
An' few ever speak o' the wife o' Wooden'.

BESIDE YON BONNY WIMPLIN' RILL.

BESIDE yon bonny wimplin' rill,
That murmurs through the birken glen,
We'll meet at e'en when a' is still,
Whaur nane may see, an' nane may ken.

When gloamin' fa's, steal through the green,
An' wait beneath the trystin' tree,
An', e'er the mune's first blink be seen,
I'll down the glen to meet wi' thee.

Whaur gowans keek wi' modest mien,
Sae sweet the dewy grass frae 'mang,
We'll walk 'neath Luna's silv'ry sheen
Till late at e'en, ne'er thinkin't lang.

T'o me there's nane hae charms like thine,
Thou'rt never absent frae my heart,
Oh! gently whisper thou'lt be mine
For ever mair, till death us part.

TO A DAISY.

THOU lovely gem,
With petals pure and white,
That sparklest in the sun's bright light
Like diadem.

On carpet green
'Tis thy delight to bloom,
And tho' thou yield'st no sweet perfume,
Aye loved hast been.

Few days will come
Till thou a transient thing,
Which dost thy share of gladness bring,
Wilt cease to bloom.

Man too must die,
But those who truly Jesus love
Will dwell in yonder home above
The bright blue sky.

THE THREE THORNS O' CARLINWARK.

THREE thorns grew lang by Carlinwark,
 By Carlinwark sae fair,
 An' sweet was the scent o' their milk-white
 flowers,
 As borne on the simmer air.

But its no o' the thorns I here wad sing,
 Tho' fair they'd be to me,
 But o' famed Buchan Craft, an' o' muckle Mou'd
 Meg,
 As tauld us in history.

In an aul' grey tower in the vale o' Dee,
 Wi' wa's baith thick an' strang,
 The stern lord o' Galloway, Douglas grim,
 Defied the king's army lang.

The guns did sma' harm to Threave's thick wa's,
 Ilk shot looked like childish play,
 Weel the Douglas nicht think himsel' safe frae
 harm,
 Within its wa's sae grey.

But M'Kim, wha weel could the hammer wield,
 Till the anvil did loodly ring,
 Said he'd willingly try a big cannon to forge,
 Gif the airn they'd to him bring.

The King weel pleased, did the offer accept,
 An' the airn sune down was laid,
 Then the brawny M'Kim and his sons wrocht hard,
 Till muckle mou'd Meg was made.

MY NELLY.

THOUD the nor'lin win' may blaw,
Thickly roun' me drift the snaw,
But whate'er may me befa'
I'll ever loe my Nellie.

Mony days hae come an' gane
Sin' we twa first met alane,
Whaur, when seen and heard by nane,
I vowed to loe my Nellie.

Aft I wished the day was dune,
Till aneath the cludless mune
On some bank I'd set me doun
Aside my ain sweet Nellie.

Noo I'm hers, and she is mine
Lang an' mony a day sin' syne,
Still my heart's affections twine
A' roun' aboot my Nellie.

Dear as life she'll ever be,
Love aye sparkles in her e'e,
For the wealth ten warl's wad gie,
I wadna tine my Nellie.

THE TRYSTIN' 'OOR.

WHEN fast the lap o' e'enin' fa's,
An' peerin' daylight steeks her een,
Doun by yon castle's moulderin' wa's
We'll wander when by nae ane seen.

Oor hearts wi' fondest pleasure fill,
Ilk time we ane anither meet,
E'en when the hoolit's cry sae shrill,
Mak's eerie seem oor lane retreat.

But ne'er to us 'twill lanesome seem,
Tho' it to some micht lanesome be,
Should thunder roar and lichtning gleam
Where aft we've met, I'll meet wi' thee.

Nane ken sae weel as lovers ken
The bliss that's in the trystin' 'oor,
To tell't by either tongue or pen,
Is far ayont the poet's po'er.



EPISTLE TO T. A. R., HAWICK.

DEAR Brither rhymer, trusty chiel'
 That's up Parnassus 'gun to speil,
 Keep on the road, you're doin' weel,
 Ne'er step aside;
 But noo an' then a minute steal
 To tak' a stride.

I likit weel your "New Year's treat"
 Dress'd up in language chaste and neat,
 An' Grannie wad the patterin' feet
 Delicht to hear,
 But mony wad sic pleasures sweet
 Miss last New Year.

'Tween want o' trade an' failin' banks,
 Brocht on by base unchristian pranks
 O' folk amang the heicher ranks,
 The Gentie sort;
 But sune they'll hae to walk the planks
 In open Coort.

Hoo mony oot o' wark hae been
 Kept by the frost sae cauld and keen;
 Few e'er sic misery hae seen,
 An' yet to think,
 Tho' frae the cauld they've scarce a screen,
 They'll hae the drink.

That subtle Deil, black be his fa'!
Shame, Shame, that's he's upheld by law,
 Fain wad I gie his back a claw,
 An' rin him fast
 Oot frae oor midst for gude an' a,
 Wi' trumpet blast.

But troth the time seems comin' roun,
That he, the beggar-makin' loon,
Wi' a' his vot'ries sha'na droun
 The nation's cry;
We'll frae his castle hurl him down,
 An' let him lie.

That day wad joy to mony sen'
Wha' sic like feelin's seldom ken;
Then may it come wi' lengthen'd sten',
 I lang to see't.
Come on, kin' frein, come stappin' ben,
 I will thee greet.

A gude New Year to you and yours,
An' may there fa' in plenteous shoo'rs
A blessing sweet as fragrant flow'rs
 Upon ye a.'
Frae him wha ilka blessin' poors
 On big an' sma'.

But I maun stop, gude nicht, gude nicht,
To you my tried an' trusty wicht,
An' may the muse her mantle bricht,
 Aboot ye thraw.
Sae noo my pen I'll tentie dicht
 An' lay't awa'.



THE WILLOW GLEN.

I'LL meet thee doun the Willow Glen,
Where aft we've met at e'en,
As gloamin' threw her dusky cloak
About us for a screen.
We'll meet beside oor trystin' tree,
It yet rude blasts will spurn,
Altho' 'tis bent, an' leanin' sair
Oot ower the wimplin' burn.

The bonnie simmer days are gane,
The e'enings noo are chill,
The win' blows wi' a wint'ry sough
As it comes roun' the hill.
The ha's on ilka thorn, I see,
Hae noo begun to form
In numbers that to me forebode
A fearfu' winter's storm.

Whaur hazel nits in clusters hing
This side the rocky knowe,
We'll sit whaur scarce a puff o' win'
Can reach us in the howe.
The 'oors will glide ower quickly by,
Nae cauld will thee molest,
Sae close I'll keep thee to my side,
Or haud thee to my breast.

An' when the moon blinks ower the heicht,
An' sparkles in the burn,
We'll watch her glimmer through the trees,
Syne rise an' tak a turn.

What earthly pleasures e'er can bring
To human heart sic fire
As meetin' wi' the lass ye loe?—
'Tis that can tune the lyre.

O speed, speed on, thou happy day,
When I shall claim my bride,
That will to me be greater bless
Than wealth, the warl's pride.
Wi' her I loe—that's best o' gear—
A hoose to ca' my ain,
Is a' I wish—tho' e'er sae puir,
They're fools that wed for gain.



LOST IN BALCARY BAY.

MOAN, gentle wind, as ye sweep o'er the
billow ;
Fan with your soft breath the wild sea
to rest ;
Wail with bereaved ones who mourn in deep
sorrow
The lov'd one who sleeps 'neath the wave's
rippled crest.

Nearing to manhood, in life's youthful vigour,
Ruthlessly snatch'd from the friend by his side ;
Home in full view, yet away to deep ocean
Borne speedily on by the strong ebbing tide.

Gone now for ever from scenes of his childhood,
Gone from the haunts where in youth he had
strayed ;
Sealed are the eyes which so often with pleasure
Had watch'd the proud waves in their white
foam arrayed.

Who would not feel for a mother in anguish
O'er a lost son from her bosom thus torn ?
Who would not smooth sorrow's sad sleepless
pillow,
To ease the lone heart thus so weary and worn ?

Wave after wave of affliction's been surging,
Snapping the bands of affection in two ;
Fain would we bind up the hearts that are bleeding,
And o'er the bleak path words of sympathy
strew.

Many the hearts are, who lost friends are
mourning,
Grief is no stranger in earth's dreary vale ;
May all who have felt these sad pangs of
bereavement
Be learning to trust Him whose word cannot
fail.

DENHOLM DEAN.

FAIR scenes I've viewed baith south and north,
By winding Teviot and the Forth ;
But fairer spot ne'er met my een
Than what thou art, loved Denholm Dean.

Chorus.—Sweet Denholm Dean, sweet Denholm
Dean,
O' lovely places thou art queen,
To me tho' oceans row between,
I'll love thee, bonnie Denholm Dean.

Nae wonder Leyden's harp was strung.
An' o' sic scenes sae sweetly sung ;
His muse, nae doot, aft fired had been
By pensive walks in Denholm Dean.
Sweet Denholm Dean, &c.

How aft within thy lane retreat
Do lovers true engage to meet ;
An' there, beneath thy verdant screen,
Their loves unfold, sweet Denholm Dean.
Sweet Denholm Dean, &c.

Or, maybe in some cosie nook,
Beside the gentle murm'rin' brook,
They'll steal a kiss when nae ane's seen,
Beneath thy shade, sweet Denholm Dean.
Sweet Denholm Dean, &c.

Adown thy dear romantic glade
Aft pleasure-seeking bands hae strayed ;
Then merry laughs are heard till e'en
Among thy woods, sweet Denholm Dean.
Sweet Denholm Dean, &c.

O, lovely spot, tho' dear to me,
Thy bowers again I ne'er may see ;
But while thy leaves in spring grow green,
Thou'lt be admired, loved Denholm Dean.
Chorus.—Sweet Denholm Dean, sweet Denholm
Dean,
O' lovely places thou art queen ;
To me, tho' oceans row between,
I'll love thee, bonnie Denholm Dean.



LICHTLY TRIPPIN'.

LICHTLY trippin' o'er the lea
Ae bonnie simmer mornin',
Juist as the sun's gowd glints awee
Were ilk hill tap adornin',
I met a lass, sae sweetly fair,
Wi' stately step an' gracefu' air;
Sin' then I ne'er hae seen her mair,
Yet why should I gang mournin'?

The birdies, wauken'd frae their sleep,
Across my path went flyin';
The sunbeams laigher doon did creep,
And near my feet were lyin'.
My thochts-gaed ever flittin' back
To her I met upon my track;
Sae vexed that ne'er to her I spak,
I couldna keep frae sighin'.

Charmin' lassie, young an' fair,
I met that simmer mornin'
I'll sing thy charms baith late an' air,
Nor heed for ilk ane'scorning;
An' should I e'er meet thee again,
My heart to woo thee will be fain,
In hopes to mak' thee a' my ain,
Wi' grace thy looks adornin'.

HOME.

SWEET home of early boyhood days,
Thou'rt still to memory dear ;
Whene'er I muse upon thy charms,
More lovely they appear.
Each hill and dale, each flowery vale,
Is still as fair arrayed
In nature's garb, as when of yore
Among thy haunts I strayed.

Sweet home of early boyhood days,
How oft in mirthful glee
I've played among thy verdant fields,
Like bird so wild and free.
No thought of care did joy impair,
My heart no care had known ;
But now those days, like passing dreams,
For evermore have flown.

Sweet home of early boyhood days,
In fancy oft I look,
As if to see the dear old spot
Beside the little brook ;
Where oft I lay at close of day,
When on the balmy air
Was wafted forth a perfume sweet,
From summer flowers so fair.

Sweet home of early boyhood days,
I'll aye revere the name ;
Tho', since I left thee, years have fled,
I love thee still the same.

The sea-beat shore, where breakers roar,
And sea fowls skim the wave,
There oft I've watched the foaming spray
When loud the storm did rave.

Sweet home of early boyhood days,
To thee my heart will cling ;
And round thy every scene will twine
Affection's tenderest string.
And in thy praise a song I'll raise
Of all thy beauties rare ;
For ne'er can other scenes to me
With thy sweet charms compare.



THE BRAES O' CASTLE-GOWER.

 E simmer nicht I dauner'd oot
To breathe the caller air awae,
As sune's the sultry sun gaed doon
Ahint the westlin' hills sae hie.

A' nature seemed in silence wrapt,
Still was that simmer gloamin' hour,
As pensively I lanely strayed
Along the braes o' Castle-Gower.

Fair was ilk scene that met the e'e,
Ilk broom wi' gowden bloom looked fair ;
Frae mony a honeysuckle bower
Sweet perfume floated on the air.

The gentle zephyr saftly played
Among the leaves on ilka tree,
The buttercups seem'd fain to rest,
Ilk ane had closed its gowden e'e.

The air was clear, nae hoverin' mist
Hung o'er the calm and pleasant vale,
Whaur stately trees for lang had stood
The brunt o' mony a boisterous gale.

The silvery sprays like tassels hung,
Adornin' ilka hawthorn tree ;
The honied clover sweetly smiled
Upon the fresh, green, verdant lea.

By hedgerow side in beauty bloomed
The pansy wi' its purple hue,
While side by side forget-me-not
And other wild flowers sweetly grew.

The hyacinth, an' scented brier,
Their sweetest odours gently flung ;
The wild rose blossoms gracefu' seem'd,
As frae the prickly stems they hung.

Licht was my heart, as 'lane I stray'd
Upon that quiet simmer eve,
For nocht had crossed my youthfu' path
O'er which my heart micht sigh or grieve.

I looked na at the shadowy past ;
My thochts were to the future turned
Expectantly, wi' wistfu' gaze :
Bright hopes within my bosom burned.

I thocht o' years o' wedded life,
I thocht o' her wad be my bride,
I thocht o' hame's delightfu' charms,
The cheerfu' bleezin' ingle side.

I thocht o' mony joys in store,
A' that I thocht an' muckle mair,
But never in my fancy saw
That wi' them cam' a load o' care.

Lang years sin' then hae come an' gane,
Thae hopes seem noo a transient dream
Which lichted up my heart an' min'
But wi' a momentary gleam,

My fancy sees thae scenes again
That then I saw at twilight hour,
As pensively I lanely strayed
Alang the braes o' Castle-Gower.

MY MITHER TONGUE.

I LO'E my guid aul' mither tongue,
 The braid Scotch words for me;
 O' a' the lays I yet hae sung
 Nane half sae dear can be.
 There hovers roun' ilk Scottish word
 A sweet endearin' charm,
 That touches aye some tender chord,
 An' gars my bosom warm.

Aul' Scotia's words I'll aye lo'e best,
 Her sangs I've aften sung
 Wi' leal an' true-born Scottish zest
 Till roof an' rafters rung.
 Nae English sang I ken can beat
 Oor ain guid 'Auld Langsyne,'
 Or 'Dainty Davie,' 'Scotland Yet,'
 'What ails this heart o' mine.'

A sturdy independent ring
 Tints a' oor Scottish lore,
 An' gars ilk Scotchman firmly cling
 To Scotlan' as of yore.
 Wha wadna prize the pawkie wit,
 The humour, bauld an' slee,
 The witherin', sharp, sarcastic hit,
 In Scottish sangs I see?

To me there's something dull an' tame
 Aboot ilk English sang,
 Indeed they're hardly worth the name,
 I dinna like their twang.

Nae English words sæ pithy seem
As aul' Scotch words to me,
An' this is nae poetic dream,
But true as true can be.

That English gabble ne'er I'll let
Fling airn fangs ower me,
Nor will I e'er the Scotch forget,
Where'er my lot may be.
I ne'er can wi' the aul' Scotch pairt,
While on me sunlicht fa',
Ower weel 'tis wedded to my heart
To easy slip awa'.



TWA GALLOWAY WORTHIES.

A TRUE STORY.

JOCK rentit a farm a wee kennin' less
Than a mile frae oor snug wee bit clachan;
His wife was a limmer, her name it was
Jess,
To think o' her sets me a-lauchin'.

Her looks I can min' as weel's 'twas yestreen
I last saw the snell gabbit body
Wi' face like a wadge, an' grey glow'rin een,
An' wrinkled skin dry as a wuddie.

She was baith heid an' neck, for she likit to rule,
An' Jock kenn'd her tongue wasna canny,
Sae, oot to the fiel's like a henpeckit snule,
He wad slip wi' his black mare ca'd Fanny.

Nae chubby faced bairnies their hame ever bless'd,
To cheer them wi' daffin' an' patter,
But miss what he nicht, Jock ae thing ne'er miss'd,
'Twas his wife's en'less deave, deayin' clatter.

Jock likit a dram, tho' he seldom got fou,
Yet noo an' then took a guid fuddle,
Then fear't to gang hame, lest the step he nicht
rue,
In some oot-house 'mang strae he wad huddle.



When rent day cam' roun', whilk cam' ance i' the
year,

Jock for the bit clachan did muster,
Wi' tousie lum hat, swallow-tail on, and gear,
He startit wi' hurry an' bluster.

Afore he gaed oot, Jess, wi' nieve at his een',
Gaured Jock stan' baith glimpin' an' winkin',
An' daured him to taste, for the rent day was ane
Abune ithers aye set him a-drinkin'.

But weel may't be said "oot o' sicht, oot o' min',"
For Jock sune lost a' recollection
O' Jess an' her threats, he ne'er thocht them divine,
But he wasna much gi'en to reflection.

In ane o' the inns sat the factor wi' face
As blythe as he'd met a lost brither,
Collectin' the rents, but he caredna an ace
What neist happened ane or anither.

Ilk ane got a dram as he got his receipt,
Sae, that was to Jock a beginnin',
Then wi' ithers he drank till lang, lang or 'twas
late,
He was blin' fou, his brain it was spinnin'.

But Jock an' his cronies at last were shut oot
When the time cam' for Boniface closin',
To gang whaur they likit for him, but ne'er doot
Jock sune in his strae-hoose was dozin'.

An' soun' did he sleep till the daylight set in,
An' chanticleer loudly was crawin',
Juist then he was wauken'd wi' clammerin' din,
An' some ane his arm coorsely thrawin'.

"Get up ye aul' sumph," yelloched Jess in her rage,
"Get up, and for hame tak' your daun'er;"
Jock, kennin' her anger he couldna assuage,
Gaed awa', while Jess after did jaun'er.

'Neath her apron she carried a big hazel rung,
An', my fegs, she wi' it wasna spairin',
She walloped him weel baith wi' stick an' wi' tongue
On my aith, it's the truth I'm declarin'.

But oot o' the clachan, a gunshot or sae,
There grew a lang belt o' a plantin';
Jock thinkin' its branches mich save him awae
Made straucht for't a' breathless an' pantin'.

His plan was a guid ane, for juist as he thocht,
The trees bein' short saved him muckle,
But she targed an' she struck till the leaves, sure
as ocht,
Were fleein', Jock takin' his chuckle.

For he kenn'd he'd the best o't as lang's it wad
last,
Still the stick 'mang the branches kept clashin',
Tho' ower weel he kenn'd that when shelter was
past
She on him wad gie vent to her passion.

Jock took to his heels when the plantin' was dune,
He far better kenn'd than to saunter ;
Jess swearin' by a' baith below an' abune,
What she'd dae as she after did canter.

He sune cross'd the fiel' 'tween the plantin' and
hoose,
But what he was sayin' or thinkin'
I leave you to guess, but for him was nae truce ;
Dear-a-me but he catch'd it for drinkin'.

The door it was locked, an' Jess had the key,
O' that she had ta'en the precaution,
Sae Jock had to stan' there whate'er he micht dree,
There sune was a fearfu' stramashin'.

But I'll noo let the curtain fa' cannily doun,
Eneuch I hae said 'bout the twasome ;
There's mony a leal heart made sairly to stoun'
Wi' pain thro' the drink, oh ! it's awsome.

Then lassies beware o' the drink, oh ! beware,
Ne'er marry a man that tak's ony,
Or dule unco sune may be added to care,
Say no, be he ever sae bonny.

An', lads, gin a sonsy bit wifie ye want,
Ye'd better tak' ane that's tongue tackit,
Than ane that will aiblins rage, targe, rare an'
rant,
An', like Jess, raise a deuce o' a rackit.

MY AIN TOUN.

Tune—"The hames o' oor ain folk."



I'M fain to be back to my ain toun,
 The wale o' a' touns is my ain toun;
 Tho' braw touns I've seen,
 In the places I've been,
 There's nane o' them a' like my ain toun,
 They're kin'-hearted folk in my ain toun,
 They're leal-hearted folk in my ain toun,
 Nae toun can compare,
 Be it ever so fair,
 Wi' the bonny, trig look o' my ain toun.

O I'm fain to be back to my ain toun,
 'Mang the scenes a' sae dear roun' my ain toun,
 Whaur in days that are gane,
 When a licht-hearted wean,
 I toddled aboot in my ain toun.
 My heart it aye warms to my ain toun,
 When I think o' the charms o' my ain toun;
 But I strange faces see,
 Whiles I think shouldna be,
 For they usedna to leeve in my ain toun.

O aft dae I think o' my ain toun,
 For my heart it is linked to my ain toun;
 An' weel dae I min'
 O' the schule days lang syne,
 When wi' ithers I played in my ain toun.
 But mony hae lang left my ain toun,
 O' them few are left in my ain toun;
 There are some dear to me
 In land's far ower the sea,
 An' ne'er may be back to my ain toun.

O I'm fain to be back to my ain toun,
There's muckle I lo'e 'bout my ain toun;
 An' naething's mair sweet
 Than wi' auld frien's to meet,
An' spier o' ilk thing 'bout my ain toun.
But some's ta'en awa' frae my ain toun,
By the caul' han' o' death frae my ain toun.
 Sae, when this life is dune,
 May we a' meet abune
In that far fairer hame than my ain toun.



O GIVE ME A COT.



GIVE me a cot near the wild surging sea—
'Tis there I would wish for a home,
Where waves ever dash 'gainst the rocks
in their glee,
Till lashed into feathery foam.

How delightful to gaze on the white crested waves,
Ere they break on the pebbly shore ;
Or, list to the wild wintry wind, as it raves,
And blends with the billow's proud roar.

Where stern rugged cliffs ever tower to the sky,
And like sentinels guard the proud deep,
What scene could be fairer to meet the fond eye
Than these cliffs where the wild waters leap.

Or, when nature is clad in fair summer attire,
And the blue cloudless sky looks serene,
'Tis then I would wake up my slumbering lyre,
And sing of each fair passing scene.

I crave not a mansion, with garden so fair,
Nor the wealth of the world as my own,
For these would bring with them their burden of
care,
Then contentment and peace would be gone.

But, give me a cot by the billowy tide,
With that I would ask for no more ;
In that humble abode I in peace would reside
Till life's weary journey was o'er.

YES, LOVE, I'LL BE THINE.

I VOW aye to lo'e thee, my ain couthy dearie,
I ne'er can forget the blythe blink o' thine
e'e;

Without thee there's naething can e'er mak' me
cheerie.

There's nane in the warl' I care for like thee.

O didst thou but ken how my heart yearns for
thee, love.

Mair dear thou'rt to me than I e'er hae express'd,
O say thine affections thou'lt lavish on me, love,
Set quickly this wild throbbin' bosom at rest.

Forlorn dinna leave me in this world of sorrow,

My fond hopes of joy are a' centred in thee ;
Then say thou'lt be mine ere the dawn o' the
morrow

It's siller licht sheds on the water o' Dee.

'The birds in ilk wood are wi' joy sweetly singin',

For spring is adornin' ilk bush, vale, an' tree ;
The fresh shoots o' wild flowers are tenderly
springin',

Then dinna, O dinna cause sorrow to me.

Gif thou wilt be mine, o' the sweet water lily,

The primrose, the crawtae, an' heath I will
twine

A wreath to adorn thee, for wed to thy Willie
Thou'lt be when they're bloomin'—yes, love,
I'll be thine!

SUMMER.

ACROSTIC.

LL nature's varied beauties smile,
Gay flowers the banks adorn,
Now pleasant scenes the hours beguile,
Elysian scents are borne
So sweet from many a woodland flower,
And many a milkwhite thorn
Now springs at morn and noontide hour,
New beauties with each passing shower.

Hark ! how the mavis sweetly sings
Adown the forest glade,
Now with his song the welkin rings,
Now flies from leafy shade
Away o'er river, plain, and dale,
Yearning to breathe the gentle gale.



MY SCOTTISH HAME.

SUGGESTED BY A FRIEND LEAVING FOR NEW
ZEALAND.

I'M wae to leave my Scottish hame,
I've tender ties to bind me here,
Yet I maun leave my Scottish hame,
An' a' thae ties, tho' e'er sae dear.

Chorus—My Scottish hame, my Scottish hame,
Thy hills again I ne'er may see;
My Scottish hame, my Scottish hame,
My heart will ever warm to thee.

How aft in thocht I'll wander 'mang
Oor Scottish vales an' heath clad hills,
Whaur nature's music sweetly flows
Frae babblin' brooks an' murmurin' rills.
Chorus—My Scottish hame, &c.

I'll ever love oor Scottish scenes,
Oor Scottish bards an' Scottish lays,
An' proudly own her veteran sons,
An' a' their deeds o' valour praise.
Chorus—My Scottish hame, &c.

I'm laith to leave the land I love,
I'm unco laith to say, Adieu!
An' till I dee my heart will bide
A Scottish heart, baith leal an' true.
Chorus—My Scottish hame, &c.

Then fare-thee-weel, my Scottish hame—
 A lang fareweel to ane an' a',
 But ne'er my hame will I forget—
 My Scottish hame—tho' far awa.
Chorus—My Scottish hame, my Scottish hame,
 Thy hills again I ne'er may see;
 My Scottish hame, my Scottish hame,
 My heart will ever warm to thee.

EARLY MORNING.

ACROSTIC.

LIGHT now streaks the eastern sky,
 Opening in the dawn of day,
 Up, sweet nymph, and forward hie,
 I would have thee haste away.
 Soft the zephyr wind will blow
 All around you as you go.

Songs from many warblers sweet
 Come from out the copsewood near,
 Opening day with welcome greet,
 Trill sweet birds with voices clear,
 Till the daylight disappear.

JAMIE'S LOST.



H! saw ye Jamie in your wan'rin'?
 Dreadfu', save us a'!
 What has gaur'd him gang a dan'rin'
 Sic a nicht o' snaw?

I won'er that ye didna meet him—
 Whaur can he hae gane?
 Sic a nicht will sairly weet him,
 Trauchlin' a' his lane.

Whaur can he be, the siefer, paidlin',
 Whaur, whaur can he be?
 Quick man, Willie, daidle, daidlin',
 Haste ye, rin an' see.

The puir wee thing, I'm sure he'll weary
 Hame to get ance mair;
 Oot a nicht sae wild an' eerie,
 Oh! my heart is sair.

He's maybe saunterin' doun the loanin',
 Hidin' fu' o' fears,
 Maybe greetin', waefu', moanin',
 Sabbin' thro' his tears.

I hope e'er lang that ye will fin' him,
 Tentie look ilk spot;
 Lack-a-day the snaw will blin' him
 Gif he bena got.

Wheesht ! wheesht ! I thocht I heard a rus'lin'
Come frae 'bout the bed ;
Wheesht ! I'm sure there is a fus'lin',
By the curtain shed.

See there he is, the rascal, lauchin',
Thinkin', dinna doot ;
We hae socht him a' forfouchen
'Mang the snaw withoot.

An' Jockie, too, wi' keekers glowrin',
Lookit unco queer ;
Did ye see his e'ebroos low'rin',
Won'erin' at the steer.



THE GOWANS BLOOM BONNY.

Tune—"The Vale of Strathmore."

THE gowans bloom bonny on ilka green lea,
The vi'let looks cheery wi' blythe blinkin'
e'e,

But a fairer than either my heart aff has stown :
O weel, weel I lo'e that braw lassie I own,
O weel, weel I lo'e that braw lassie I own.

She's the flower o' the clachan, mair dear she's to
me

Than a' the proud wealth that this fause warl'
can gi'e,

For riches are fickle, but tender an' true
Is the leal-hearted, blythe-hearted lassie I woo,
Is the leal-hearted, blythe-hearted lassie I woo.

When saft fa's the pale siller licht o' the mune,
An' stars twinkle bricht in the blue lift abune,
How sweet 'tis to stray in some lane shady grove
Wi' ane that's sae dear by the fond ties o' love,
Wi' ane that's sae dear by the fond ties o' love.

Come riches, come poverty, honour, or fame,
It matters na which, I'll to her be the same ;
Nae ups nor nae douns will my heart ever wean
Frae her that's my dawtie, my ain bonnie queen.
Frae her that's my dawtie, my ain bonnie queen.

TIBBY FAULS.

A CHARACTER SKETCH.



FEARFU' randy's Tibby Fauls,
 Her tongue æ minute ne'er devauls,
 Unless sleep shuts her een,
 She clatter, clatters, even on;
 I've aft been vex'd for canny John,
 Ower lang he plagued has been.

She a' the neebours roun' aboot,
 But mair sæ them wha tak' a toot,
 Weel tongues, up hill an' brae,
 Puir Robin Rain, aul' Willie Gaw,
 Tam Johnston's wife, an' Jamie Shaw,
 Misca's, an' mony mae.

For gossip nane can wi' her vie
 In a' the clachan o' Dalry,
 Or nine miles roun' aboot,
 Ilk ane's affairs she feigns to ken,
 An' slyly a' her art does len'
 Them weel to ferret oot.

Wi' wily tongue she'll glibly speir
 'Boot this an' that, aye comin' near
 An' nearer what she wants,
 Till by an' bye she slyly fin's
 A' oot, then quickly aff she rins,
 An' it 'mang neebours rants,

She keeps the clachan in a stir,
Her tongue she wallops wi' a birr;
 Ilk 'oor in a' the day.
Nor does she heed what be the lot
O' them wha's history she has got,
 I trow she'll say her say.

Gif ony hae a wee bit fau't,
Afore fowk's een she's sure to draw't,
 Nor does it turn less,
A wee bit till't she'll put hersel',
It mak's it a' the better tell,
 For what she wants she'll guess.

Should ony lad an' lass cast oot,
Wha courtin' were, withoot a doot,
 When she the news does get,
She's never laith to saw them weel,
An' ca's the man, deceivin' diel,
 The lass, an' honest pet.

A scandal is to her a treat,
A morsel neath' her tongue sae sweet,
 Sic ongauns seem to set her,
She'll feign wi' horror to appear,
But spreads't like wild-fire far an' near,
 The waur it is the better.

I pity them wha step aside,
She on their backs for weeks does ride,
 She canna let things rest,
Aye noo an' then she'll bring it up ;
She should be leathered wi' a whup,
 That weel could stan' the test.

O Tib, I kenna what to ca' ye,
Nor do I wish that ill befa' ye,
 Be't far, I trow, frae me.
But troth your ways I couldna bide,
Were I like John, near to your side,
 Your tongue I'd try to flee.

The hoosewark surely needs your time,
Mislippen it, an' troth a crime
 I'm sure ye do commit.
Ilk wife should aye her duties tend,
Baith socks, an' sarks, an' a' things mend,
 As weel as stockin's knit.

O Tibby Faults, gie ower your clashin',
An' ne'er sic ongauns mair be fashin',
 Then, then I'm sure you'll fin'
'Tis better far to bide at hame,
For tellin' tales ye're sair to blame,
 'Mang neebours nae mair rin.



THE SEASONS.

THE birds in spring
They blythly sing,
O' springtime they are fain,
When caul' an' weet,
An' snaw an' sleet,
O' winter days are gane.

Wi' summer fair
What can compare?
Deck'd oot in flowers sae braw,
She aye has been
The fairest queen
Amang the seasons a'.

Noo autumn's here,
The leaves are sear,
An' trees will sune be bare;
Chill, chill's the blast
That's sweepin' past,
The sun shines bricht nae mair.

In winter grey
The sun's pale ray
Is cheerless, dowie, sad;
To ilka thing
Sma' warmth does bring,
Nor can the heart mak' glad.

The spring o' life,
Wi' joys are rife,
Its simmer time is fair,
But autumn sear,
An' winter drear,
Bring wi' them mony a care.

IN MEMORIAM, D. H.

THOU art gone, dear friend, from this vale of
tears,
To a land where no tears may flow ;
For none who dwell in that home of love
The feeling of sorrow can know.

Here flowers of the brightest hue must die,
Till 'twould seem as they ne'er had been,
But flowers ever bloom undying there,
'Mong groves which are ever green.

Thou wert taken—not while the summer flowers
With their beauty the eye might please,
But when flowers were gone, and the falling
leaves
Were strewn by the autumn breeze.

Thy future prospects on earth seemed bright,
But, alas ! they are thine no more,
Now glories more bright than this world can give
Are thine on that emerald shore.

Then why should we weep ? Our departed friend
Has safely crossed death's river,
And there with the throng of angels bright,
He has peace and joy for ever.

ON THE DEATH OF A DEAR FRIEND.

BELoved friend, thy death we deeply
mourn,
And seek to drop a tear beside thy grave,
Yet would we feel such partings must be
borne,
And that we, too, must face the same dark wave.
Most solemn thought !

Yes ! solemn thought, but have we nought to
cheer,
When looking forward to death's cold embrace ?
Ah yes ! even then an Elim's rest is near,
As faith beholds our loving Saviour's face.
Most cheering thought !

That cheering thought gives joy amid our grief,
And stills our troubled breasts into a calm,
Imparting to our weary souls relief,
And pouring o'er our wounds a healing balm.
Oh peaceful thought !

Dear friend beloved, thy earthly time is run,
Thy body now must mingle with the earth,
But with thee now, eternal joy's begun
'Mong sinless beings sprung from heavenly
birth.

Oh happy thought !

In view of death, what calm repose was thine,
No bitter word, nor murmur came from thee,
But with a firm composure, quite divine,
Didst speak those soothing words, "Mourn not
for me,
I'm going home."

Yes, going home, to dwell in land more fair
Than all the glittering show that this world
gives,
Then be it ours, dear friend, to meet thee there,
And spend eternity where Jesus lives.
Then joy's complete.



ROBIN.

Chorus—A douce aul' body was Robin,
 A crouse aul' body was Robin,
 He whistled or sang, maist a' the day lang,
 A cheery aul' body was Robin.

NAE yammerin' an' girnin' wi' him did ye
 hear,
 There was aye on his features a mirthfu
 like leer,
 Contentment, I trow, was a thing he held dear,
 A guid kin' o' body was Robin.
Chorus—A douce aul' body, &c.

A' kenn'd he was thrifty, nor coin did mis-spen',
 To ecomony's maxim his thochts he did len',
 Noo an' then to the bank he did grey faces sen'.
 A bien aul' body was Robin.
Chorus—A douce aul' body, &c.

He could big, slate, an' plaster, do joiner wark too,
 He was eident at wark ilka day the year thro',
 An' guid at them a', ony ane wad alloo.
 A handy aul' body was Robin.
Chorus—A douce aul' body, &c.

He was likit by a' in the country aroun',
 A pawkie bit sang he delighted to croon,
 An' aften his guidwife's praise he did soun'.
 A canty aul' body was Robin.
Chorus—A douce aul' body was Robin,
 A crouse aul' body was Robin,
 He whistled or sang, maist a' the day lang,
 A cheery aul' body was Robin.

NOO WINTER'S CAULD AN' SURLY BLASTS.

NOO winter's cauld an' surly blasts
Are ance mair past an' gane,
An' spring her cheerfu' mantle casts
O'er forest, glen, an' plain.

The leaves are burstin' fresh an' green
Frae ilka buss an' tree,
Richt glad it mak's my heart, I ween,
For sweet's the spring to me.

Ilk feathered warbler in the grove
Noo lilts his matin sang;
How sweet in spring time 'tis to rove
The fresh green woods amang!

But dowie, e'en in spring I'd be,
Wi' a' its sights sae dear,
For scanty pleasure they wad gie,
Gif Willie wasna here.

Where'er I be, be't day or nicht,
At hame or in the fiel',
Afore I ken, my thochts tak' flicht,
An' aff to Willie steal.

I think I see him at the plough,
An' hear his cheery sang;
To think on him I dearly lo'e,
It cheers me a' day lang.

An' when his weel-kenn'd fitstep's near,
My heart it louns fu' fain,
An' mak's me wish the time was here,
When he'll be a' my ain.

But fast the time is wearin' in,
Noo lang it winna be,
When I'll to him be neist-o'-kin,
An' he'll be neist to me.



WATER OF DEE.

SING not to me of the broad flowing rivers
Far, far away, tho' majestic they be,
Dearer by far, and in beauty excelling,
Flows our own river, sweet water of Dee.

Fair in each glen grow the primrose and bracken,
There, too, the wild-pea and hyacinth bloom,
Mingling their beauty in sweetness together,
Scenting the air with the richest perfume.

Scenes most sublime and of exquisite grandeur,
All meet the eye in their loveliest form;
Wood, valley, mountain, and river look charming,
Whether in summer, or winter's fierce storm.

Lovely thou art, winding Dee, when the moonlight
Glances upon thee with soft silvery ray;
Lovely thou art when the first beam of sunshine
Resteth upon thee at rising of day.

Who would not sing of thee, beautiful
Blind to sweet nature's delights,
Ever I'll love thee and sing of thee
Flowing so stately to Solway Firth.

GLENTROOL.

GLENTROOL, Glentrool, how dear the name
 To every Scottish heart,
 There England's army keenly felt
 Defeat's most bitter smart.

Brave Bruce, with quick experienced eye,
 Marked how that lone retreat
 With steep ascent would aid him well
 The enemy's force to beat.

In ambush lay three hundred men,
 With hearts as true as steel,
 To conquer or to bravely die
 For "dear an' Scotland's" weal.



Then down with instantaneous bound
Into the dell below ;
An avalanche of rocks was hurled
Upon the unwary foe.

Few, few of England's host that day
Were left the tale to tell ;
Each man within the deep defile
By Scotia's valour fell.



MARION.

HASTE, haste thee away, love—Oh! linger
not here,
The foemen, relentless, in vengeance are
near;
Now dead on the heath lie thy clansmen so brave,
Oh! stay not, 'tis madness, thy life thou may'st
save.

Oh! haste to the mountains ere dawning of day
Reveals to our vision these valleys so gay;
Perchance in concealment they near us do lie—
Thy safety's in flight; to the mountains now fly.

I cannot, I dare not leave thee to thy fate,
With no one to guard thee: most cruel's their
hate;
Dear Marion, entreat me not thus to depart,
My broadsword, unsheathed, yet may cause them
to smart.

Oh! think not of me, love,—thy safety I seek—
They'll stoop not so low, they will harm not the
weak;
Unmanly 'twould be—dearest, list what I say—
Oh! linger not longer: haste, haste thee away.

I dread not their vengeance, undaunted I'd be,
'Tho' to me advancing their ranks I should see!
This heart ne'er shall tremble, with broadsword
in hand,
Unheeding the danger, I by thee sha'll stand.

Hark! hark! they approach us: now falls on
mine ear

The sound of their footfall: give way not to fear;
This arm shall defend thee, 'tis nerved for the
fray—

But Marion grew pale, sank, and fainted away.

Soon, soon was the broadsword released from his
grasp—

Soon Marion was raised, and within his fond clasp;
The footfall grew fainter, then died soon away,
His arm needed not to be nerved for the fray.

Bewildered, at length from the swoon she awoke,
As if wild dreams upon her soft slumbers had
broke;

One glance from her quick eyes allayed every fear,
No harm had befallen: her dear one was near.

Oh! came they not near us? I know 'twas the
tread

Of warriors, most surely, which way have they
sped?

'Tis thy life, I know, that they eagerly seek:
To safety betake thee—Oh! wilt thou not speak?

Be calm, and be cheerful—why springs there a
tear,

When rather a smile on thy lips should appear?
Thy worst fears were needless, that now thou
must see

Undaunted, I'll ever be guardian to thee.

SAE WAE AN' LANELY.

SAE wae an' lanely is my heart,
An', Oh! it's like to break in twa,
For nocht to me can joy impart
Sin' ever Sandy gaed awa.
His pairtin' words weel do I min',
Sae lovin' were they an' sae sweet,
That ne'er for me his love he'd tine,
An' yet wi' joy we baith wad meet.

The wee birds a' may blythely sing,
An' simmer flowers may sweetly blaw,
But ne'er to me they'll comfort bring,
Sae lang as Sandy bides awa.
Frae morn till even seems lang an' drear,
An' aye my heart is sad an' sair,
To think that yet a lang, lang year
Maun gang ere I can see him mair.

Ilk time I see yon cosy ha',
Wi' every neuk sae trig an' clean,
I think o' him that's far awa,
Till bitter tears start to my een.
Yet weel I ken I needna fret,
O' his leal heart I've nocht to dree,
An' gin we're spared, I'll see him yet,
An' then we'll baith sae happy be.

SOUTHWICK, EVER DEAR TO ME.

SOUTHWICK, ever dear to me
 Is thy every glen an' mountain,
 Spretty howe, an' grassy lea,
 Sparklin' burn, an' flashin' fountain.
 Woods, arrayed in dress o' simmer,
 In the sunshine glint an' glimmer;
 Ilka chiel an' blythesome kimmer,
 A' the cares o' life surmountin'.
 Weel I lo'e the prattlin' rills
 That wind amang thy lanely hills,
 Thy every scene my bosom fills
 Ilk scroggy knowe an' shady plantin'.

Nature, when wi' lavish han'
 On the warl was gems bestowin',
 Didna miss, when by thee gaun,
 Choicest beauties to keep throwin';
 A' aroun' they're sweetly smilin',
 Tedious 'oors awa beguillin';
 Cheery sangs frae warblers wilin'—
 Flowers their artless blossoms showin'.
 Weel I lo'e thy rocky shore,
 Where crested waves their waters pour
 Against the rugged bulwarks hoar,
 Richt weel I lo'e to see them flowin'.

Southwick, dearer to my heart
 Ilka day thou'rt to me turnin',
 Laith I'd be wi' thee to pairt,
 But the thocht I'll aye keep spurnin'.

True affection never withers ;
 May we act our pairt like brithers ;
 Lasses a', be wives an' mithers,
 Love in ilka bosom burnin' ;
 An' like ilka bank an' brae
 In nature's garb sae blythe an' gay.
 May we be kept frae dule an' wae,
 Nane ever lang for days o' murnin',

THE MOLE CATCHER.

THE moudies noo may howk their fill
 Frae morn till nicht, wi' heart an' will,
 And mak' their choice o' loam or till.
 Aul' Jamie's deid.

Nae mair his traps they'll hae to fear,
 Wi' supple springs an' hangin' gear,
 Frae a' sic wark he's haen to steer.
 Aul' Jamie's deid.

They're free to snuff the caller air,
 To jouk about in black coats rare,
 Or howk the fiel's till neb's are sair.
 Aul' Jamie's deid.

Richt mony harmless lives he's taen,
 Nor wad his conscience gie a maen,
 But noo he's whaur he ne'er will grane.
 Aul' Jamie's deid.

THE MAID OF ARDENDEE.

HE fairest flower that ever grew
In garden, bower, or greenwood glade,
Was but a transient, fleeting thing,
It bloomed, but only bloomed to fade.

Thus lived and bloomed as fair a flower
As eye could ever wish to see ;
No maid in Galloway outshone
The lovely maid of Ardendee.

Her hair, which hung in flowing curls,
Was of a lovely chesnut hue ;
Her cheeks with blushing roses vied,
Love sparkled in her eyes so blue.

So graceful and so modest, she
Was much beloved, by all admired,
And many wooers sought her hand—
In vain they sought, in vain aspired.

Till one—a youth of manly mien—
Who soon her heart's affection won ;
Then oft by rippling crystal stream,
When gently sunk the summer sun,

They walked amongst their native scenes,
More dear by far to them they seemed
Than all the fairest spots could be
Of which the poets e'er had dreamed.

Thus many a happy hour they spent
Together, 'mong those scenes so fair,
Nor ever did they dream that aught
Would soon their happiness impair.

But as the sun's most brilliant rays,
When darkened by a lowering cloud,
Are from the earth in part concealed,
While hangs the gloomy vapoury shroud.

So came a dark and saddening cloud
To blight their every hope and joy,
Which seemed within their grasp to be
Unsullied, pure, without alloy.

Fate, cruel fate, no pity shows :
Both friend and foe she treats with scorn ;
How oft the tenderest ties on earth
By her have been asunder torn.

A bold, usurping, cruel foe
On Scotia's sacred soil we see,
"To arms!" resounds o'er hill and plain,
Unconquered still shall Scotland be.

At duty's call for freedom's cause—
A cause so noble, just, and right,
This gallant youth left home and love
To war against usurping might.

Sad must have been the parting hour
When those fond lovers said farewell,—
Perhaps, on earth no more to meet,
For neither could the future tell.

Before they part they bow the knee
To the All-wise in fervent prayer,
Imploring help in time of need,
His guidance and protecting care.

With buoyant step, but sad at heart,
He leaves his home at break of day,
O'er weary miles of moor and plain,
To wield the sword he hies away.

Week after week soon comes and goes,
Yet has not fled the maiden's grief;
Month after month brings autumn round,
And seared is every falling leaf.

Soon will the bleak and wintry wind
Among the bare trees moan and sigh,
As if in sympathy with her
Who sits alone with tearful eye,

Her thoughts upon her lover fixed
Each moment all the live-long day ;
While in her dreams she oft descries
Him hastening on his homeward way.

Pale and forlorn she lonely walks
Along the paths they used to tread ;
Faint hope from out her bosom flies,
And then she gives him up for dead.

Blythe spring-time comes, each songster now
Pours forth his joyful hymn of praise,
But these, nor gladsome spring can e'er
Her drooping downcast spirits raise.

Fair summer dons her beauteous garb,
Now teem the woods with flowerets gay,
But still she faintly sighs, no word
Though weary months have fled away.

More feeble grows her wasting form,
As restless on her couch she turns ;
Nought e'er could quench the love she bore
For him whose dreaded loss she mourns.

As summer flowers were fading fast—
For earthly things must all decay,—
At eve, just at the twilight hour,
Her gentle spirit passed away.

Within the lonely churchyard near
Her body 'neath the green sod lies,
To wait the final summons, when
To life immortal she shall rise.

* * * * *

Ere quite another year revolved,
The youth was on his homeward way ;
Now sheathed his sword, the battle's o'er,
Brave Scotia's sons had won the day.

Footsore and weary, pressing on
With bounding heart he longed to see
The woods around the rural home,
Where dwelt the maid of Ardendee.

Conflicting thoughts oft fill his mind,
Now thinking of the dungeon deep
Where in imprisonment he lay,
Within the haughty foeman's keep.

Then of his loved one far away ;
Then fighting all his battles o'er ;
Then of the solemn parting time,
And of the welcome now in store.

The lonely cot at length is reached,
He does not there his loved one see,—
Where, where, he cries with throbbing heart,
“Is the fair maid of Ardendee?”

" Dear youth, beneath the sod she lies,
She died of broken heart for thee ;
To yonder lone churchyard repair
Her narrow bed you there will see."

The gallant youth turned deadly pale,
His hand he gently upward raised ;
No word did speak, but deeply moved,
With eyes transfixed, to heaven he gazed,

Then said, Adieu ! fair maid, Adieu !
I'm now forsaken and forlorn ;
While through this earthly vale I tread,
Thy loss I'll ever deeply mourn.

Long years have fled, in peaceful rest
Within the churchyard both now lie ;
Their earthly turmoil's all are o'er—
The breezes did their requiem sigh.



KIRKENNAN WOODS.

KIRKENNAN woods are fresh an' fair,
Aye dear they'll be to me, lassie;
But doubly dear, when 'neath their shade
At e'en I meet wi' thee, lassie.

The sweet-brier noo unfaulds its leaves,
An' scents the e'enin' air, lassie;
The birdies chirp in wanton glee—
Like them we're free frae care, lassie.

The woodruff grows aneath oor feet,
The burn gangs singin' by, lassie;
See, 'neath yon aul' tree root it hides—
It needna be sae shy, lassie.

The nicht is lown, the aspen leaves
They dinna even stir, lassie;
Fu' bonny looks the dark red beach,
As weel's the braw spruce fir, lassie.

'Tis sweet to meet an' tell oor loves
When nature a' aroun', lassie,
Wi' smilin' face gaurs ilka heart
Wi' pleasure sweetly stoun, lassie.

The gloamin' noo spreads into nicht,
Frae 'bune the starnies peep, lassie;
Wi' nebs fu' cosie 'neath their wings
The birds will be asleep, lassie.

Noo let us lea'e the plantain's shade
To wander hame alane, lassie,
An' pairted, feast on ither's loves
Till here we meet again, lassie.

SCOTIA.

LAND of freedom, land of beauty,
Stalwart are thy sons and brave;
Ready at the call of duty,
Whether on the land or wave.

Scotia! O how much I love thee,
With thy rugged mountains steep;
Frowning crags, that tower above me,
Seeming ever guard to keep.

I and of heroes!—bright with glory
Are the noble deeds of yore;
Lasting as the hills so hoary,
Shining through poetic lore.
Dauntless as the eagle soaring,
They have fought in many a fight;
Vain ambition aye ignoring,
Bravely bleeding for the right.

Land of martyrs!—still unbending
Let us to that cause adhere;
Never ear to error lending,
Striving drooping hearts to cheer.
Let us with our banners flying
'Mong the nations lead the van;
Ever watching, ever trying,
To do all the good we can.

Land of mountain torrents, foaming,
As from crag to crag they bound;
Joy ecstatic to be roaming,
Where they leap with gushing sound.
Scotia! land of lake and river,
Shady dells and murm'ring streams,
Near my heart thou'lt linger ever—
Ever haunt me in my dreams.

WHAT AILS ME NOO?

WHAT ails me noo I hardly ken,
For, though I'm e'er so weary,
Ae wink o' sleep I barely get
For thinkin' o' my dearie.
Her saft blue een an' rosy cheeks
They haunt me late an' early;
The glamour's noo flung ower my een,
An' that I fin' richt sairly.

Alang the braes whaur gowden broom
Wi' ilka breeze is wavin',
A burnie rins, its waters clear
Ilk droopin' stem keeps lavin'.
When seated by the burnie's side,
Amang the broom sae bonny,
I'll tell her, 'mang the lasses a'
I lo'e her best o' ony.

Her couthie ways, her winnin' smiles,
An' looks are a' sae wilin';
For artless charms are a' her ain,
This art 'tis sae beguillin'.
Wi' heart sae leal, her simple trust
In me is a' confidin';
Oh! wer't but noo the happy time
We'll in ae cot be bidin'.

THE SHEPHERD'S LONE SHIELING.

§ SWEET 'tis to watch the first beams of the
morning

Over each forest and vale softly stealing,
Mountain and lowland with beauty adorning,
Lighting with glad rays the "Shepherd's lone
shieling."

Hail, thou sweet opening day, chasing grim night
away,

Silently over the earth and sky streaming,
Dark'ning each twinkling star, that in the blue afar,
Through the lone hours of the night watch keep
gleaming.

Beautiful, too, when the bright sunlight glancing,
Gilds the proud mountain cliffs rugged and
hoary,

Bright'ning as onward the day is advancing,
Till every stream and lake mirror his glory.

Dew drops with golden light sparkle like gems so
bright,

Gay now the moorland seems, once drear and
cheerless,

All things with beauty glow on hill and plain
below,

'Mong all the fair scenes on earth none so
peerless.

In that lone shieling a fair maid is dwelling,
More dear to me than those gay scenes so
charming,

And aye to her from my heart there is welling
Kind thoughts and feelings this fond bosom
warming.

Never in garden bower bloom'd there a fairer
flower,
Beauty and modesty sweetly combining ;
Ne'er to this heart can be one half so dear as she—
All my affections are round her entwining.

But far away from her soon I'll be parted—
Dearest on earth from each other must sever—
And should I e'er to my love prove false-hearted,
Then may my name quickly perish for ever.
But, till I come again, true shall this heart remain,
Still I will hope for another glad meeting,
When I will dwell at home, ne'er from her more
to roam,
O how delightful will then be the greeting,



SAD, SAD IS MY HEART.

SAD, sad, is my heart noo there's nae ane to
cheer me,

Fu' dowie I sit a' the bleak wintry day ;
Whate'er may befa' noo, nae kin' frien' is near me
To lichten my sorrows or drive them away.
When saut tears o' grief frae my een fast are fa'in',
They seem to bring ease to my sair heart awee,
But baith day an' nicht, an' when mornin' is
daw'in',

There's nane but mysel' kens the heart pangs I
dree.

For forty lang years we leaved happy thegither,
But noo by the caul' han' o' death's frae me taen
Baith wifie and bairnies, first ane, syne anither,
Till helpless I'm left in the hoose a' my lane.
The heart maun be hard sic-like troubles ne'er
saften,

I wud'na 'twere mine, though my grief's sair to
bide ;

O' them that are gane I can ne'er think ower aften,
I'll think o' ilk ane till by death laid aside.

The simmer may come wi' its braw flow'rets
smilin',

Its saft win' may blaw ower baith mountain an'
lea,

But ne'er can its beauty, though ever sae willin',
Again bring the gladness it ance brocht to me.
Bereft o' thae dear anes, I'm left withoot treasure,
Tho' gowpens o' gowd to my puir lot should fa' ;
There's naething on earth noo to me can bring
pleasure,

Aboon I will look till my time wears awa.

JOHNNIE GIRR.

 UL' Johnnie was a pawkie loon,
A pawkie loon, I trow, was he,
At smugglin' on the Solway coast,
'Bune ithers aye he bore the gree.

Ilk creek an' cove he weel did ken,
Frae Airds roun' to the Hangit-man,*
An' when a lugger was to meet,
Aul' Johnnie sure was in the van.

There mony a cargo safe was hid
In coves aroun' that rugged shore ;
Nor was he cowed, tho' loud the win'
Did howl, or foamin' breakers roar.

Aul' Girzie, too, his douce guidwife,
At sic like on-gauns wasna slaw ;
Her help she gaed wi' richt guid-will,
The casks out frae the boats to draw.

At time's she watched frae some heich cliff,
To guard them a' against surprise ;
The signal ready aye to gie,
Should aucht suspicions meet her eyes.

* A piece of spar in a rock near Port Mary, which at a distance has the appearance of a man hanging on the face of the rock.

The landin'-place was ne'er divulged,
Tho' whiles they got an unco scaur;
A cutter noo an' then appeared,
An' on them quickly opened war.

They a' the the neuks an' crannies kenn'd,
Sae oot o' sicht they skelpit sune,
An' in the darkness o' the nicht
Were safe frae ilka catch'in' loon.

Ance Johnnie in his open boat
Was makin' for Balcary Bay,
An' brandy casks, near half-a-score,
I trow, aside him safely lay.

A cutter down upon him bore,
An' signall'd him to stop his cruise,
But Johnnie kenn'd ower weel their aim,
Sae, thoughtfu' hit upon a ruse.

An' never did he heed their signs,
But ower the boat the casks did slip,
To cleeks laich down they hookit were,
Whaur 'neath the water they did dip.

When Johnnie didna for them wait,
A gun they fired to warnin' gie,
As fast they down upon him bore,
Expectin' sune their man to hae.

But when they gat 'langside his boat,
The fient a cask in't did they see,
An' Johunie played his cards richt weel,
Which was his feignin' daft to be.

"Why did you not," the captain said,
"Lie too, the shot you well could hear't,"
"Guid guide us! was't at me ye fired,
Gif I had kenn'd, I wad been fear'd."

"Ho, ho," said they, "Our chase is vain,
The man is crazed, 'tis easy seen;"
But Johnnie was mair knave than fule,
He cuist the glamour o'er their een.

Wi' that they turned the cutter roun',
An' frae him quickly steered awa';
When left alane, aul' Johnnie leuch,
Weel pleased he had hood-winked them a'.

Into the boat he hauled the casks,
An' made straucht for Balcary Bay,
Whaur helpfu' cronies waitin' were
To get them safely stowed away.

Outwitted were the guagers a',
Aul' Johnnie Girr was aye their match,
For ne'er wi' a' their plans sae sly,
The dodgin' smuggler did they catch.

THE HAWTHORN TREE.

SOME love to sing of heroic deeds,
And of scenes that please the eye,
But my thoughts roam in a happy dream
To days that are long gone by.
I love to think of those bygone days,
And often to mind recall
The hours that were spent 'neath the hawthorn tree
That stood by the garden wall.

How sweet to me was that trysting spot,
And how dear the hawthorn tree,
But sweeter far than its silv'ry bloom
Was the voice of my love to me.
She sang of love, and O how sweet
On mine ear did the accents fall,
As we sat beneath the hawthorn tree
That stood by the garden wall!

I linger in thought on the vows we made
'Neath the much loved trysting thorn,
And fancy I feel its fragrance sweet
On the summer breezes borne.
And tho' I can see its blossoms fade,
An' its green leaves wither and fall,
Yet I'll never forget the hawthorn tree
That stood by the garden wall.

SIMMER'S E'ENIN'.

THE sun ayont the westlin' hills
Gangs doun wi' rosy hue,
An' sheds a brichtness a' aroun'
The arch o' cludless blue.

The zephyrs seem to silence hush'd
Wi' wonder at the scene ;
Sune starnies, wi' their glimmerin' licht,
Will ope their sparklin' een.

I lo'e the simmer e'enin' weel,
When a' is calm an' still,
It soothes my languid, weary frame,
An' gaurs my bosom thrill.

It sen's my thochts awa frae yirth,
Spellb'un' I seem to be ;
O weel I lo'e the simmer's e'en,
Sic joy it brings to me.



BESSIE.

Tune—"O, are ye sleepin', Maggie."

DOUN the burnie's side I stole
In breathless haste, my heart richt
cheerie;

Oh, but pairtin's ill to thole,
On the trystin' 'oor I weary.

Chorus—Oh! hoo I lang to meet thee,
Oh! hoo I lang to meet thee,
Love maist gars me tine my wits,
Dear Bessie, let me fondly greet thee.

Gloamin' noo comes on apace,
Daylight glints wi' faintest glimmer;
Artless smiles adorn thy face,
Queenly, sonsy, pawkie limmer.

Chorus—O! hoo I lang to meet thee, &c.

Nature aye my faucy charms,
But it hasna charms like Bessie;
Naething e'er my bosom warms
Like my ain my darlin' lassie.

Chorus—Oh! hoo I lang to meet thee,
Oh! hoo I lang to meet thee,
Love maist gars me tine my wits,
Dear Bessie, noo I'll fondly greet thee.

HOME OF YOUTH.

A FRAGMENT.

I STAND once more
On the rock bound shore,
Where I've stood long, long ago
And my heart beats high,
As I thus descry
The scenes I so well know.

The sunbeams glance
On the waves as they dance,
And leap 'gainst the rocks so hoar,
Then again rebound,
Till their splashing sound
Makes music along the shore.

The sea-fowls rest
On the ocean's crest,
And the air is soft and still;
But 'tis not the sea,
Nor the fowls so free,
That my heart with emotions fill.

These have their charm
To a bosom warm,
With thoughts that they recall,
But the home of youth,
That I love in truth,
With a fervour more than all.

THY PAWKIE FACE.

THY pawkie face I love to see,
Nor will I e'er forget it,
Thy bonny mou' I fain wad pree,
Gif thou would'st only let it.

Chorus—This weary love 'twill be my death,
Clean aff my meat I'm gane,
Whate'er betide, I'll gie my aith,
I winna leeve alane.

Hoo canst thou frae me stan' aloof,
When I sae truly lo'e thee,
An' treat me as a senseless cuif,
Whene'er I come to woo thee?

Chorus—This weary love, &c.

But in thy heart thou yet may'st rue
That thou didst slicht my offer,
Thou nane may'st get, when thou would'st sue,
An' a' thou'lt hae would'st proffer.

Chorus—This weary love 'twill be my death,
Clean aff my meat I'm gane,
Whate'er betide, I'll gie my aith,
I winna leeve alane.

THE WEE DRAP TEA.

IN a snug wee bit hoose on the side o' a
 muir,
 An' aul' couple leev'd that I ken wer'na puir,
 Contented an' happy they aye seem'd to be,
 For the pale face o' want ne'er a day did they see

They were eident at wark, be't late or be't sune,
 An' fain wad hae wrocht when the day e'en was
 dune,
 The langest o' days n'er to them were owre lang,
 For, frae mornin' till nicht they at something were
 thrang.

They rented a farm that keepit twa kye,
 A' nag for the pleuch, an' some sheep, too, forby;
 Tam wrocht on the farm, Jean the hoosewark did
 min',
 An' tentit the chuckies, the calves, an' the swine.

When Jean wi' her eggs to the near clachan gaed,
 She never was backward at takin' a lade,
 For wives by the road, she'd to ca' aye an' see,
 There to clash, tak' a rest, an' get a drap tea.

Jean had a bit failin' at hame or afiel',
 She likit a wee drap o' tea unco weel,
 An' she managed to get aft a drap o' the same
 In mair than ae hoose, ere again she got hame.

Her eggs ance disposed o', an' groceries bocht,
Whaur to get a drap tea was neist minute her
thocht,
An' to pamper her likin', she never was slow
A' bout-gate to gang, be the road guid or no.

Ance wi' basket weel packit o' sugar an' saut,
O' coffee an' tea, an' guidness kens what,
She trudged wi' the burden a mile roun' an' mair,
To get a wee drap frae the guidwife there.

The news she had gathered frae ane an' anither,
She tried a' the road, weel to string them thegither,
To keep up the crack, the guidwife enterteen,
Till the tea it baith maskit an' suppit had been.

The tea drinkin' by, an' the crack gettin' stale,
An' some sign o' daylight beginnin' to fail,
Says she I maun gang, as it's noo gettin' late,
Ne'er thinkin what neist on the road was her fate.

A burn was to cross 'tween this hoose an' her hame,
But to lauch at what happened, I nearly think
shame ;

Twa days heavy rain had swelled it sae fou,
She couldna weel tell hoo 'twas best to get
through.

Said she I maun try, sae wi' basket an' a',
She stept 'cross the stanes that were set in a
raw,
But juist in the middle her fit slipp'd, an' losh !
She tumbled in, basket an' a', wi' a splash,

O' sugar an' saut, o' coffee an' tea,
 Ye may think what a scatterment then there
 would be,
 An' 'twould naething hae been had it only been
 wet,
 Some floated awa' that she never could get.

Sair drookit an' draggled she wad be, I ween,
 When oot o' the burn she got scraffled unseen,
 An' safe, I can say, that as far's I can see,
 Sic wadna hae happened, but for the drap tea.

ALMONDELL.

 NCE mair I'll tune my Doric reed,
 Tho' rude the numbers be,
 I ne'er can hope to charm the ear
 Wi' sweet toned minstrelsy.
 Could I like "Robbie" wield the pen,
 In glowin' words I'd tell
 O' a' the beauties that enhance
 Thee, bonny Almondell.

Chorus—O Almondell, fair Almondell !
 In thocht I'll linger ever,
 Among thy lane sequestred nooks,
 An' by thy flowin' river ;
 Thy woods ance seen in foliage green
 Can be forgotten never.

The spreadin' oak, the slender birk,
The brig whaur ivy creeps,
The glossy beech, the tow'rin' elm,
An' grassy verdant steeps,
Combine to make thy charmin' scenes,
The heart wi' gladness fill ;
Yes, Almondell, thou art to me
Ilk day more lovely still.
Chorus—O Almondell, &c.

Aneath the elm tree's coolin' shade,
How sweet to spend awhile
At rest, far frae the city's din,
An' daily labour's toil.
I'll ne'er forget the time I pass'd
Amang thy sylvan bowers.
An' pu'd the silvery hawthorn spray,
These were the happy hours.
Chorus—O Almondell, fair Almondell !
In thocht I'll linger ever,
Amang thy lane sequestred nooks,
An' by thy flowin' river,
Thy woods ance seen in foliage green,
Can be forgotten never.



ODE TO SUMMER.

BONNY lassie, bloomin' fair,
Jinkin' ower the dewy lea,
Robed in flowery mantle rare,
Rosy cheek an' sparklin' e'e.
Come wi' a' thy maiden grace,
Joyous bound, an' smilin' face,
Thy fair form I love to trace,
Bonny lassie come awa'.

Bonny lassie, winsome queen,
Mystic-like thou dost adorn,
With thy gentle touch unseen,
Woodland, wild, and dappled thorn.
Pearly dewes thou dost distil,
Gladdening meadow, vale, and hill,
Weary hearts wi' joy thou'lt fill,
Han'some lassie come awa.

Bonny lassie, sprightly gay,
Nature's darling, artless maid,
Come an' sen' thy cheerin' ray
Lauchin' doun ilk forest glade.
Come unfauld thy dewy wing,
Tune thy reed an' sweetly sing,
On the air sweet odours fling,
Fairy lassie come awa'.

ON THE DEATH OF A NEPHEW.

LOVED child, a sweet and cherished flower,
Transplanted now in heavenly bower,
In purity to bloom ;
Removed from earth's polluted air
Thou'lt grow in fadeless beauty there,
Beyond death's narrow tomb.

Thy childish griefs are ended now,
A diadem adorns thy brow
In yonder land of rest ;
And tho' thy voice to mortal ear
Is ever hushed, in heaven's bright sphere
It mingles with the blest.

We would not o'er thy loss repine,
When 'twas our Father's will divine,
To take thee to his home ;
Where now beyond death's darkling waves,
Thou'rt safe from every storm which raves,
There storms can never come.

What wondrous scenes thine eyes behold,
Where walls of sapphire, streets of gold,
With glorious radiance gleam :
Lit up by an unshaded light,
Which issues from God's throne so bright,
In never-ending beam.

The fount of life thou now hast seen,
The wide expanse of pastures green,
 Where grows the tree of life ;
With healing leaves for nations all,
For rich and poor, for great and small,
 Free without fear of strife

O may we keep that morn in view,
When tears and sighs we'll bid adieu,
 To dwell in perfect love ;
We then with thee shall meet again,
For all redeemed with Christ shall reign
 In His bright home above.



SHIPWRECKED.

 LONE ! on the raging deep,
 On this frail raft alone,
 No compass my course to keep,
 No sound save the wild wind's moan.
 Oh ! would that one ray of hope would shine
 Into this fainting heart of mine.

Alone ! 'mid the surging waves,
 And the night, too, falling fast,
 While loudly the tempest raves,
 All hope of life seems past.
 Oh ! Thou whose arm is strong to save,
 Save me, I pray, from an ocean grave.

Alone ! but Thou, God art near,
 Who by Thy sovereign will
 Could'st make Thy wondrous power appear,
 And bid the storm be still.
 May I in faith look up to thee,
 Who rulest even the raging sea.

Alone ! and the hours of night
 Are slow to glide away,
 But I trust in One whose might
 The boisterous winds obey,
 And ask him now, in earnest prayer,
 To guard me with a jealous care.

* * * * *
 When dawned the morning light,
 His weary spirit had fled
 To yonder world so bright,
 Where tears are never shed.
 Now bliss is his beyond compare,
 Oh ! may we too such glory share.

WEARYIN'.

I WON'ER why the lads at me
Ae sly glance never steal,
I trow, nae bonnier lass there be,
Nor ane wi' heart mair leal.

As snod's the feck I'm sure I gang,
Gif no just quite sae braw,
Yet hech-how-me, the hale day lang
Nane e'er think fit to ca'.

There's Jean M'Lintock down the gate,
Wi' heid maist in a low,
Has twa-three mae forby douce Pate,
The loon wi' curly pow.

Jean teases me wi' tongue sae glib,
Till look I ken na hoo,
Sayin' tak' frae me a lesson Tib,
An' keep the halter fou.

When weel she kens nae lad I hae,
For ilk ane gangs me by,
Yet I hae een as black's a slae,
My cheeks wi' roses vie.

Were I a trail like some I ken,
Mair luck I micht hae had ;
They married are, when ane in ten
Like me ne'er gets a lad.

That muckle trollop, Meg M'Caw,
Big gawkie tho' she be,
Has Will M'Lean frae Mutton Ha',
As brisk a lad's ye'll see.

They in their ain licht blin'ly sit,
I baith can knit and sew;
Wad some ane tak' me, fient a bit
He e'er the step wad rue.

Some tell me just to bide awee,
That mine will yet be seen;
Leaves aft hae fa'en frae mony a tree,
That yet again grew green.

An' should the lads noo slip me by,
Ne'er douncast be ava,
But trigly set my cap an' try
To cheerfu' look, through a'.

The counsel's guid, but O 'tis ill
To act on the advice,
When rather far wad be my will
That ane should spier my price.

But haith, I'll try my time to bide,
Gif sic a thing there be,
An' hopefu' look on every side
For ane to glance at me.

I LOE BUT AE LASSIE.

I LOE but ae lassie, richt weel I loe her,
An' I ken she loe's nae ane but me,
She's weel faured an' weel handed, lang miles
ye nicht gang
Ere as trig a bit lassie ye'd see.

She's nae thochtless gawkie, like mony I ken,
Wi' their fine duds a' weel set abreed,
She aye dresses wise like, nor 'bout fashion e'er
spiers,
Wi' sic nonsense ne'er bothers her heid.

Tho' she hasna a tocher, that's naething to me,
Unco sma' comfort aften comes wi't,
For gin ane be wareint on ocht they think wrang,
Some to tell ye 'twas theirs arena blate.

Some marry for siller, they carena a fig
For the lassie they tak' by the han',
But to wed ane ye loe, e'en tho' puir she may be,
I think better than siller or lan'.

AS SOFTLY FALL.

 S softly fall the snowy flakes,
 Soon covering earth with robe of white,
 So come sweet spirit gently down,
 And fill our hearts with heavenly light.

Lord, make us purer than the snow,
 O set us free from guilt and sin,
 Thy blood alone, for sinners shed
 Can cleanse and make us pure within.

We praise Thee for that matchless love
 Which led Thee as a Lamb to die
 On Calvary's cross, for guilty man,
 Enduring shame and agony.

Lord give us grace to live for thee,
 To work and wait from day to day,
 Our erring footsteps ever keep
 From wandering out of wisdom's way.

And animate with brighter hope,
 Make our cold hearts with love to glow
 To thee, our sympathising Friend,
 That like thee daily we may grow.

THE MILLBANNOCK.*

BLACK be the day the millbannock I bakit,
 'Twas the warst 'oor that I in my life ever
 spent;
 To do sic like again, troth I'll no be sae glaikit,
 It added a fifty pound note to my rent.

The greedy aul' body I wish he had chokit
 The first bite he ate o't, the grabbin' aul' sot;
 My guid bow o' meal, haith, I'd far better howkit
 A hole in the yard, an' there left it to rot.

Hoo unlucky I gied him't, unlucky, unlucky,
 I wish frae my heart it had never been made,
 I had far better flung't in the dam frae the bucky,
 Or sent it in gowpenfu's down the mill lade.

(From MacTaggart's *Gallovidian Encyclopedia*.)

* MILLBANNOCK.—A circular cake of oat meal, with a hole in the centre; it is generally a foot in diameter, and an inch in thickness; it is baked at mills, and *haurned* or toasted on the burning seeds of shelled oats, which makes it as brittle as if it had been baked with butter; of course, then, the *millbannock* is allowed to be the chief of all *bannocks*. A miller in Wigtownshire once made an enormous one of a *boll of meal*, as a present to his laird, the Earl of Galloway, in hopes that the Earl would give him a *down-come* of the rent; but instead of doing so, he raised it on him fifty pounds per annum, saying, "that if he could afford to make sic *millbannocks* to his friends, he could be no way distressed." Poor *Dusty* then had no other shift than to return to his old shop, with his finger in his mouth, and curse confound the *plot o' the millbannock*.

I'm vexed sic a ploy ever entered my noddle,
The bakin' o't for him I'll ever lament,
It wasna I cared for the body a boddle,
But I thocht that mayhap he micht let down
my rent.

But noo that I ken my sly plan has miscarried,
I'll e'en mak' the best o' a bad job I can,
Sae for meal to him noo ilka time that I ware it,
In some way or ither I'll lay on my han'.

ODE TO THE MOON.

BEAUTIFUL moon,
Shining so bright,
Almost like noon
Making the night.
Silently falleth thy silvery beams
Over the woodland, kissing the streams,
As onward they glide thro' the meadow away,
Joyously singing beneath thy soft ray.
Queenly thou art, tho' abroad, I ween,
In the light of day thou art seldom seen,
Choosing the night,
To give thy light,
Cheering the traveller's lonely way,
Bereft of the brighter orb of day.
Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful moon
Why so fickle, to change so soon,
Like a silvery shield in the azure sky
We see and admire thee with upturned eye,
Encircled by many a glittering star,
Begemming the deeps of the blue afar.
Thou art to this world a God-given boon
Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful moon.

EPISTLE TO J. H., AUCHENCAIRN.

 UL' Frien',
 The muse I fain wad coort,
 Gif I could get beside her,
 But, troth, the jade she jilts me sae,
 I wi' a stick could hide her.
 Just twa-three words she helps me wi',
 Then rins aff helter-skelter,
 Nor is she laith to leave me sae,
 Amang my thochts to welter.

I far owre lang hae been, I ken,
 O' answerin' your epistle,
 Sae weel thocht oot, its every line
 Wi' common sense did bristle.
 I con'd it weel frae en' to en',
 Its matter pleased me weel, man,
 Nae garbled words, 'twas honest truth,
 This keenly I do feel, mau.

It's far owre common noo-a-days,
 Ye'll ken as weel as me, man,
 For fowk to mak' an unco phrase,
 Gif 'fore yer face it be, man.
 While, 'hint yer back they glibly turn
 Their flatterin' into sneerin',
 A' sic fause-hearted loons should be
 Sent aff the yirth careerin'.

The reason I hae been sae lang
O' writin', ye will guess, man,
I've been sae thrang wi' MSS.,
Preparin' for the press, man.
That ae spare 'oor I couldna fin',
The muse I've haen to stint her,
I trow it is an uphill job
Preparin' for the printer.

We've haen like you bauld storms o' win',
The cans aff hooses tirlin';
Aul' Boreas lang has been clean wud,
Roun' corners nim'ly whirlin'.
He muckle mischief far an' near,
Has noo an' then been doin',
Nor does he seem his boisterous blasts
An' pranks yet to be ruein'.

O' General Garfield's death ye speak,
His loss is mourned richt sairly,
An' justly too, by nations a'
He won their favour fairly.
By workin' for the common weal,
A' shifts sae guid contrivin';
The Yankees 'neath his manly rule
I trow, wad sune been thrivin'.

Ye speak o' Charle S. Parnell
Bein' to Kilmainham sent, man,
Sic lawlessness in Paddy's lan'
We sairly do lament, man.
But gleams o' licht will surely sune
Oot thro' the cluds be shinin',
An' mischief dune there by the "league,"
Awa' ere lang be dwinin'.

The farmers doun by your gate-en'
But little din are makin'
Compared wi' ithers, up an' doun,
That sair their brains are rackin'.
Hoo best to get their rents brocht doun,
Some try to stir the nation,
To rise in arms against the law,
An' crave new legislation.

But hae they no themsel's to blame
Ootbiddin' ane anither
For rackit rents? I trow 'tis sae,
I say't withoot a swither.
Sae let them a' this lesson learn,
To cannier be again, man,
An' rather than sae muckle gi'e
To let the farms alane, man.

Trade up an' doun is unco bad,
An' shows sma' signs o' men'in' ;
Nae siller gaun the roun' ava,
But little there's a spen'in'.
Few independent trades there are
A' hing on ane anither,
Sae gin some ane wad busy get,
They'd a' start aff thegither.

I lang wi' you to hae a crack
Ance mair within the smiddy,
An' hear the hammer wi' a thud
Come doun upon the study,
Till sparks flee oot on every side
Like shootin' stars the while, man,
Fu' mony an' oor I hope again
Wi' you yet to beguile, man.

But I maun stop—to you an' yours
My best regards I sen', man,
An' hope ere lang to hae a screed,
When time for't ye can len', man.
My thanks for favours past accept—
Excuse my bein' lang, man,
O' writin' to ye, weel ye ken
That I've been unco thrang, man.

Yours ever truly,

JAMES K. SCOTT.



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„ Peattie,	...	...	...	Do.
„ Malcolm,	...	...	...	Do.
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George Robertson, Esq.,	...	...	...	Do.
John Cowper, Esq., B.A.,	...	...	...	Do.
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„ Grant,	...	...	...	Do.
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„ Dunse,	...	...	...	Do.
„ C. Dunse,	...	...	...	Do.
„ Brash,	...	...	...	Do.
„ M'Intosh,	...	...	...	Do.
„ Lockerbie,	...	...	...	Do.
„ M. M'Haffie,	...	...	...	Do.
„ Garget,	...	...	...	Do.
„ Ruddiman,	...	...	...	Do.

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Robert Henry, Esq.,	...	...	Newark.
Mr John Henry,	...	...	Do.
Mrs Dickson,	...	...	Isle of Man.

GLOSSARY.

Sten', a long step, or stride.

Gey, very, a good deal, pretty much so.

Lat, a lath.

Scowder'd, burned with hot iron.

Bucky, sluice of mill-dam.

Siepher, diminutive.

Jaloosed, thought so, or guessed.

Scraffled, scrambled.

Glaiket, foolish, or thoughtless.

Smiddy, a smithy.

Study, an anvil.

Devaults, ceases.





